Next Month

THE DOLE IN AMERICA
Edward A. Block

Senators and others have been waving the word "dole" before us as a scarecrow, without pausing to examine what it really means. In this article Mr. Block clearly outlines the implications of a national dole and explains how it has worked in England. Furthermore, he shows that it has been in operation in this country, for some time, disguised in various forms, without disastrous results. The discussion in Congress of the need for unemployment relief makes Mr. Block's exposition of the problem timely.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
John T. Hackett

Roosevelt is still the most prominent of the candidates for the Democratic nomination, but the dark horses and favorite sons are lying in wait for him. In this article, the eighth in our series of "Presidential Possibilities," Mr. Hackett shrewdly analyzes his chances of holding his lead at the Democratic Convention.

IF I HAD A DAUGHTER
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Meditations on the problems of bringing up a daughter, by a woman who never had one. Mrs. Rinehart has viewed the mistakes of other mothers, however, and she writes with the authority of one who has combined most successfully a career and the raising of three sons.

THE HEALTHY CAVE MAN
Logan Clendening, M.D.

A hilarious exposure of the myth that our primeval ancestors never had cavities, corns, tummy aches, high blood pressure, or any of the physical annoyances we milk-fed moderns have to put up with, by the author of *The Care and Feeding of Adults.*

THE DILEMMAS OF A CRITIC
Anonymous

A frank confession, by one of our leading critics, of the reasons why it is impossible for him to improve his criticism to the full extent of his capabilities. His problems are typical of those of many of our critics, whether they admit it or not.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA
Henrietta Otis Shaw

Two erroneous ideas of the missionary have been current: one pictures him as a saint, the other as a hypocritical busybody. Mrs. Shaw describes his life and work from personal observation.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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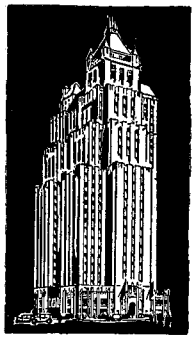

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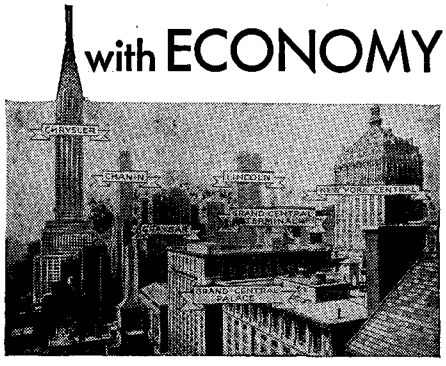

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TOASTS

LLOYD S. GRAHAM says that he cannot remember the time when he has not written for publication, or wanted to write. Formerly a newspaper man, he has sold some fiction and some radio dramatic material, but most of his work has been for business and professional magazines. He has recently been engaged in research for a book which he is writing on the history and development of the parachute. Mr. Graham lives in Buffalo, N. Y.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, the biographer of Shelley, Byron, and Disraeli, is a frequent contributor to THE FORUM. His most recent book is *Lyautey*, a study of the great French marshal who has played so large a part in French colonial affairs. M. Maurois has paid several visits to America, and in the fall of 1930 he spent three months at Princeton as visiting professor. Consequently, he speaks with real knowledge of the American attitude and psychology.

W. BÉRAN WOLFE is Director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic in New York, and a practicing psychiatrist. He recently published *How To Be Happy Though Human*, in which is included his last FORUM article on "Romantic Infantilism." Dr. Wolfe was formerly assistant to Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna, and has translated several of Dr. Adler's books.

JAY FRANKLIN is the pseudonym of an outspoken and independent political observer who has official connections in Washington. He is the author of *What This Country Needs*, and has previously contributed several articles to THE FORUM. He is also a regular contributor of political articles to *Vanity Fair*.

CHARLES A. BEARD, one of our most distinguished authorities on political science, is perhaps best known to the general public as the author of *The Rise of American Civilization*, written in collaboration with his wife. He and his son William recently published *The American Leviathan*.

LUCIUS BEEBE is a Bostonian who was educated at St. Mark's, Yale, and Harvard. He has been on the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune* for two and a half years, and is now assistant dramatic editor. Mr. Beebe is the author of *Corydon and Other Poems* and of several books on Edwin Arlington Robinson. He is tall, twenty-eight, and unmarried, and claims to be an enthusiast for good food and drink, good company, and good living in general.

WILLIS J. BALLINGER says that if he is not the father of the cult of nomadism, he is at least a thirty-second degree nomad in the highest standing, based upon fraternal standards of roving as far and fast as possible. Since graduating from Yale — and he is still only thirty — he has taught in five institutions, including Williams College where he now is, and has worked on five newspapers. In between times he has acted as secretary to a Congressman, directed a speaker's bureau, free-lanced a little, and become deeply interested in psychiatry. He is in the Economics department at Williams, and is at present working on a book about the tariff.

FRANCES WARFIELD is a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*, and has also published in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Outlook*. She did newspaper work in Springfield, Massachusetts, after graduating from Wellesley, and has since been living in New York.

OUR ANONYMOUS radio announcer says that a big-hearted press agent with a soaring imagination once described him as a "former college athlete, author, playwright, and concert baritone" — but he neglects to state how accurate this information is. He adds that his favorite indoor diversions are dining out and playing Bach; his ranking outdoor diversion, chopping down apple trees in northern Massachusetts; his favorite enemy, any Broadway producer who takes the liberty of disagreeing with him on the merit of his plays.

HENRY HAZLITT, literary editor of *The Nation*, was formerly literary editor of *The New York Sun*, and before that was engaged chiefly in economic and financial writing. His first book, written at the age of twenty, was called *Thinking as a Science*. Mr. Hazlitt is thirty-seven, married, childless, and addicted to tennis.

ARCHIBALD C. EDWARDS lives in Oklahoma City, where he was born in 1906. Since his graduation from Harvard, he has been in the bond business, and has been helping to manage his family's agricultural, oil, and city rental properties, which has enabled him to get around the state a good deal, talking with farmers and politicians.

HELENE MAGARET, who has contributed verse to numerous magazines, lives in Omaha, Nebraska. Her article, "The Negro Fad" appeared in January.

SALLY MARTYN is by birth a westerner, but she is now living in Florida where she is connected with politics. Despite her youth, she has been a professional dancer, a concert pianist, and a stenographer, has studied law and public speaking, has written poetry and short stories, and has attempted acting. She also runs a column in a local paper. Finally, and perhaps somewhat surprisingly, considering her article, Miss Martyn teaches Sunday School.

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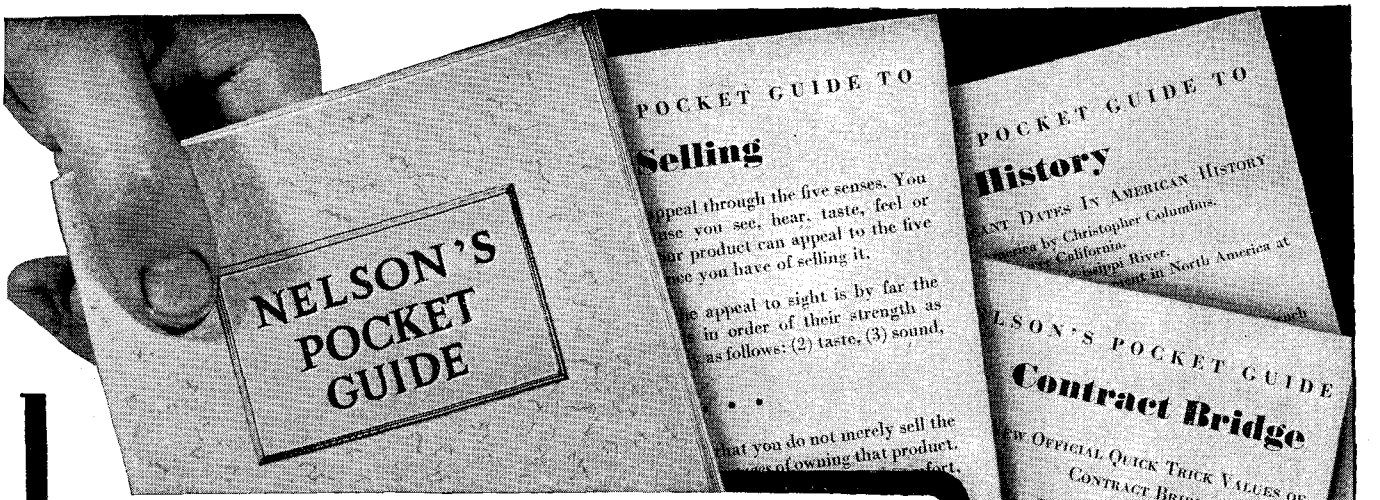

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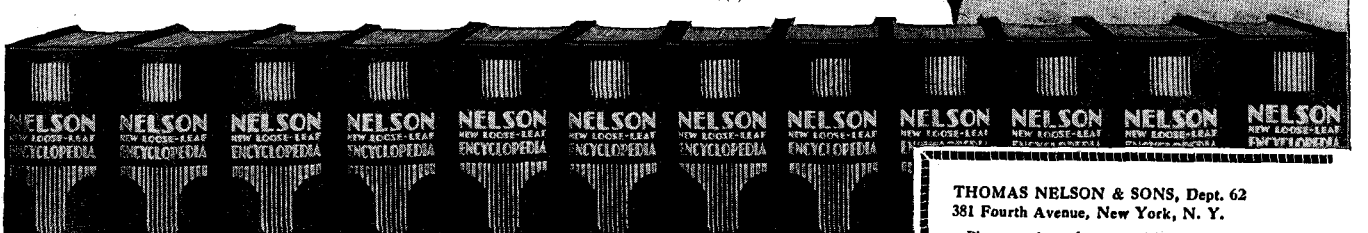

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Is there A

"Yes," says Wieman

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN, PH.D.

Professor of the Philosophy of Religion, University of Chicago. Author: "Religious Experience and Scientific Method," "The Wrestle of Religion with Truth," "Methods of Private Religious Living," etc. B. A. Park College, Mo., San Francisco Theo. Sem; Univ. of Heidelberg; Ph.D. Harvard; D.D. Park College; Litt.D. Occidental College. Born, Missouri. An original mind, as daring as it is devout!

WHAT MAN OR WOMAN does not wish to know whether there is a God or not? Who has not been plunged into confusion by the intellectual revolution which the scientific way of thinking has produced in our time? Who would not like to "sit in" on a conversational debate by renowned philosophers seeking an answer to the question of God? Who would not be helped in establishing his own convictions by attendance at such a discussion? The Christian Century, that pioneering weekly which senses with rare insight the issues that are most vital in public interest, has invited three outstanding philosophers, each one a thoroughly modern thinker, to engage in its pages in a friendly but searching debate on *God*. They have accepted. The debate will begin at once and continue every week for six months.

Henry Nelson Wieman, by way of observation and reason, will affirm that there *is* a God.

Douglas Clyde Macintosh, by way of experience and faith, will also affirm that there *is* a God.

Max Carl Otto will deny that there is a God and will contend that mankind would be better off to be rid of the age-old illusion that there is such a being.

Each is a ripened scholar and a widely recognized authority. Each is the author of many books. Each knows what he believes and will express his convictions in keen, clear words! It will be exciting to watch these three modern wise men come to grips with this problem of God.

No sham battle this! No predetermined outcome. Greek will meet Greek. Titan will battle titan. Steel will clash on steel — the sparks will fly! For these champions have promised not only to set forth their own views, but also to deal critically and frankly with one another's views. They propose to get to the *bottom* of the question of God.

Week after week, in cycle after cycle, these wise men, like the three friends in the ancient epic of Job who discussed in cycles the problem of God's relation to human suffering, will discuss in our hearing the major question whether there is any God at all. Each will pick up the argument where the man ahead has laid it down, and carry it forward.

"No," says Otto

MAX CARL OTTO, PH.D.

Professor of Philosophy, University of Wisconsin. Author: "Things and Ideals," "Natural Laws and Human Hopes," etc. B.A., M.A. and Ph.D., University of Wisconsin. Also studied at University of Chicago and Heidelberg. Born in Germany. Member of faculty of University of Wisconsin since 1910; Professor of Philosophy there since 1921. As sincere as he is iconoclastic!

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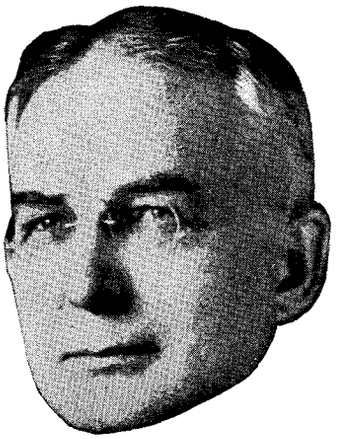
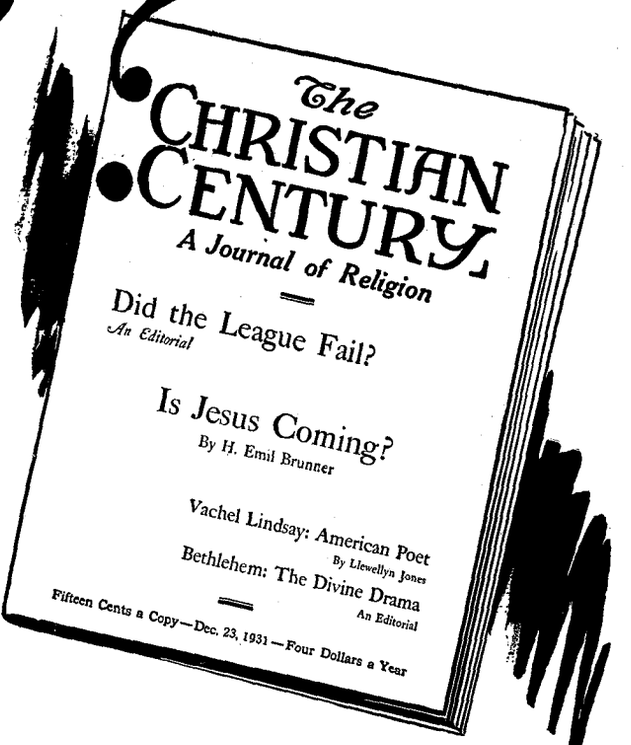
"Yes," says Macintosh



DOUGLAS CLYDE MACINTOSH, PH.D.

Professor of Systematic Theology, Yale University. Author: "The Problem of Knowledge," "God in a World at War," (1918); "The Reasonableness of Christianity," etc. M.A., McMaster University, Toronto; Ph.D., University of Chicago; D.D., Colgate. Born, Ontario. Would like to be a citizen of the United States but was denied naturalization by the Supreme Court in a 5 to 4 decision because he would not abdicate his conscience!

GOD?



The outcome concerns us all — the unquestioningly devout, the intellectually inquiring, the disturbed, the confused, the openly skeptical, the avowedly agnostic, the frankly atheistic! Even the utterly indifferent cannot help being interested as a spectator at such a debate.

The discussion between these thinkers will be no mere war of words between Fundamentalist and Modernist. Each of the three philosophers is a Modernist — there are no contemporary thinkers more modern than Wieman and Macintosh and Otto. The issue with which they will be dealing is therefore this crucial question: Is there a place in modern thought for God?

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WE ARE always inclined to chuckle in a superior sort of way over books depicting the times of our fathers, our grandfathers, and our great-grandfathers — such books as *The Mauve Decade, The Elegant Eighties, The Fabulous Forties,* and Mark Sullivan's famous series, *Our Times.* Probably we have never stopped to consider how equally ludicrous might be some of the manners, morals, and events of our own age. In *Only Yesterday,* Mr. Allen holds up the mirror so that we may see just how we looked and acted during the decade from 1919 to 1930, and the reflection is startling, to say the least. The end of the war brings the first shower of ticker tape and office memoranda down upon Broadway. We see Wilson returning from abroad with his great dream of a League of Nations shattered. We observe the amazing phenomena of the Red scares, race riots, the Ku Klux Klan, and the struggle of the labor unions. Forgetting these, we turn suddenly to radio, Coué, and Mah Jong and whistle "Yes, We Have no Bananas," as we hurry to work. The younger generation kicks over the traces, and the parked sedan, short skirts, lip sticks, confession magazines, bobbed hair, mixed smoking and drinking, free talk, and unconventional "manners" come into their own. The Harding scandals are followed by Coolidge prosperity. The technic of ballyhoo is developed. Lindbergh wins our hard, cynical old hearts with his dash across the Atlantic. Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken lead the highbrow revolt against the back-slapping, pep-exuding Rotarians. The racketeer becomes a menace, but nobody seems to know just what to do about him, even after Mr. Wickersham writes his report. Florida booms and then backfires. General Motors and Radio lead the great bull market of 1928 — a market which crashes with a terrific thud in October, 1929. The wise men begin to say that prosperity is just around the corner and that conditions are fundamentally sound. And so it goes. *Only Yesterday* is a review of all these astounding events and many others — as fascinating a book as any reader could possibly wish for.

BY THIS time, probably, most people know the piquant circumstances under which this "unauthorized" biography was written and published. The friendship between Frank Harris and Bernard Shaw stretched over four decades. Back in the nineties, when Harris was reaching the crest of his fame, he had the astuteness to pick Shaw as dramatic critic for his magazine, the *Saturday Review* — thus giving him a real chance when he was relatively unknown. Then Harris had the misfortune to survive his best days. In his impoverished and somewhat embittered old age, he watched the man whom he had once befriended climb to dizzier and dizzier heights of wealth and renown. It was a situation which almost any normal person might resent — and Harris was a royal egotist, a man without much humor, possessed of a temperament radically different from Shaw's. One can hardly blame the latter for trying to dissuade Harris from writing his biography. As events and his letters prove, he foresaw the results quite accurately. He did not foresee, however, that he would be able to have the last word. Harris died last August, just after the completon of this book, and it was Shaw who revised the proofs and added a final chapter which is in part a good-humored word of apologia and in part an extraordinarily generous estimate of his biographer. There was a chance for generosity. Much that Harris says is spiteful, biased, unfair — however forgivably so. The very genuine tributes which he pays to Shaw seem to be wrung from him half reluctantly, as a grudging admission of what he could not but recognize as greatness. Furthermore, he dwells absurdly and rather offensively on what he considers the meagerness of Shaw's sex life, which he perpetually contrasts with his own — of course, to his own advantage. This was just what Shaw predicted. Nevertheless, despite its sketchiness, its inadequacies as just and documented biography, this is an amazingly interesting and stimulating book — especially if one is willing to take it for what it essentially is — a lively record of a long-enduring clash between two colorful and self-centered personalities.

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Headache — Chronic and Occasional
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Colitis and Other Results of Constipation
Is the Enema a Friend?
Is Exercise Worth While?
Exercises That Benefit, Especially in Constipation
The Ideal Weight for Height
The Technique of Defecation
Internal Visceral Auto-Massage
Relief by Lubrication
The Cure by Relaxation and Milk Diet
Why Are Drugs in Disfavor?
Reviewing Some Drugs Used in Constipation
Yeast — A Great Hoax
Furnishing the Body With Heat, Energy and Repair
When Do We Eat?
Weakening the Staff of Life
Baking Powder, the Sinner
Food Idiosyncrasies
What Will You Have to Drink?
Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?
Husband in the Kitchen
We Survey Certain Foods
The Beneficial Necessary Soup
Spinach, Lettuce, Liver and other Pleasantries
Too Much Sugar Will Shorten Your Life
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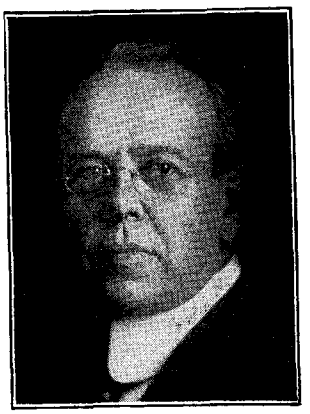

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A CALENDAR OF SIN, by Evelyn Scott; Cape & Smith, 2 vols., $5.00.

ONE SHOULD not be intimidated by the sheer weight and bulk of this novel, which stretches to nearly 1400 pages, and which covers a period from 1867 to 1914. If its sociological value perhaps predominates over its purely literary merits, it is nevertheless an absorbing, a fearless, and, incidentally, a tensely melodramatic chronicle of the interwoven destinies of two families, the Dolans and the Georges. The problem which Miss Scott has explored — and a major problem it is, too — is the failure of American love. All of her characters are, in one way or another, warped, maimed, and frustrated by their failure to achieve any satisfactory relationship between the sexes, or to derive any healthy joy from physical love. Some are Puritanically repressed, and ridden with a sense of shame and guilt; some are victims of animal lust; all of them are incapable of intelligent adjustment — and their thwarted desires result in such abnormal tragedies as insanity, murder, and rape. Miss Scott makes it plain, however, that these were not inherently abnormal people — and that their sins must be charged against a society which had a false code of inhibitions, which set woman on a romantic pedestal, which frowned on any free and fruitful expression of love, and which brought no intelligence or courage to the problem of the sexes. She gives one the material background for the lives of her characters — that of an expanding industrial society — and she is entirely guiltless of sensationalism for its own sake. The pity is that she did not prune her vast book more rigorously of irrelevancies, that her prose is so heavy and often graceless. Despite its unquestioned importance, her novel falls short of being a work of art.

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MALAISIE, by Henri Fauconnier; Macmillan, $2.50.

THE ENGLISH edition of this book is titled "The Soul of Malaya," which is an apt description of its contents. Advertised as a novel (it was awarded the Goncourt prize for 1930), it actually has little plot, narrative, or — until the final chapters — action. Instead, it offers a series of finely etched word pictures of the tropics, Malaya in particular, and gives some sense of the often deadly monotonous existence led by the English and French supervisors of the rubber plantations. Though those who demand a beginning, middle, and an end to their fiction may be disappointed in the general slowness of the story, it is worth reading for its style and for the author's quite obviously thorough understanding of his scene. The translation, by Eric Sutton, is smooth and sympathetic.

THEY WERE STILL DANCING, by Evelyn Waugh; Cape & Smith, $2.50.

IF MR. WAUGH has not here succeeded in writing the perfect travel book, an ambition of his, he has at least come so close to it that no one else need try for some time. His motive in going to Africa, in October, 1930, was to see the coronation ceremonies of the Emperor of Abyssinia; once there, he decided to go on and so ended by journeying southward — a little unwillingly, it is true — to Cape Town, where in February, 1931, for the present utterly sick of nomadic life, he gratefully caught a ship for England. Thus he covered a good share of the Dark Continent and, by keeping his eyes and ears open, brought back this skeptical view of its charms. The whole book is consistently entertaining and pleasingly unprejudiced. There are pages — the Abyssinian chapters, for instance — which are uproariously funny; and there are others (as in the Kenya episodes) in which this urbane and traditionally superficial young Englishman offers surprisingly shrewd analyses of Empire politics and native customs. By this time no one need be told that Waugh is an amusing writer, or that whatever he touches immediately takes on a youthful

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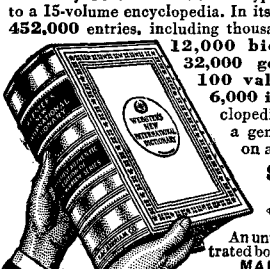

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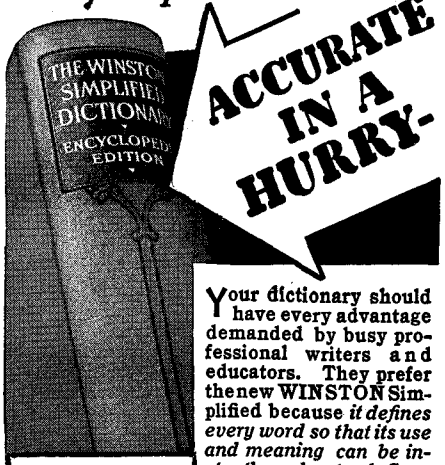

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THE WAVES, by Virginia Woolf; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

IN HER latest novel, Virginia Woolf carries her interest in self-expression for the character to its logical conclusion. All unimportant detail and all connecting matter is eliminated, and only the actual words of the characters are left. These, moreover, are not the words of everyday conversation — carrying its inevitable load of non-essentials — but a crystallization into exact phrases of the things that are really important to each individual. The story is told by six characters, whose lives interlock, and no other person is introduced except a man whom they all mention, and who is symbolic rather than real. Each of the six, with varying degrees of success and failure, are searching after beauty and meaning for their lives. The life of Percival, the symbolic seventh, has for each of them a different significance, though all feel in him the security of a life that is led right, and that finds its own reason for being. The lives of these six are treated from childhood to old age, in carefully arranged chapters set off from each other by symbolical natural description, showing the passage from dawn to dark, and the changing tides of the sea which ebbs and flows rhythmically behind the lives of the characters. Under the spell of Mrs. Woolf's faultless prose, an otherwise impossible experiment leaps into life. One cannot forget, however, that it is an experiment, and that perhaps the author has carried her idea a shade beyond the limits of the novel form.

CROWDED YEARS, by William G. McAdoo; Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00.

THIS IS the story of the man who was, at one time, Secretary of the Treasury, Director-General of Railroads, and Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Farm Loan Board, the War Finance Corporation, and the International High Commission, a record hardly approached by Mussolini at his best. Yet he filled these many offices incredibly well, not by magic or inspiration, but by a quiet, forceful competence which is pleasantly revealed in his own story. As a public servant and war-time administrator his career was perhaps too useful to his own generation to suggest greatness to the next; nor is this a great book, in any accepted sense. But it is an honest record of a sane and successful life.

WESTWARD PASSAGE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes; Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of last year's Pulitzer Prize novel writes so gracefully, so smoothly, and above all so readably, that it is difficult to mount the pulpit and chastise her as, in this instance, she deserves to be chastised. *Westward Passage* is the story of seven crucial days in a woman's life. Comfortably married, on a second trial, to wealth and respectability, Olivia returns from Europe on the same boat with the husband of her youth — who has achieved conspicuous fame as a writer since their divorce. They fall in love with each other a second time — quite charmingly and improbably — and Olivia just falls short of upsetting her prosperous apple-cart to remarry Nick. The difficulty is that Mrs. Barnes' values are woefully askew, that she seems to have no ironic perception of what a cheap, shallow, and worthless person her heroine is, and that she makes a far less sound and plausible plea than she did in *Years of Grace* for the preservation of dignity and standards, and the compensations of domesticity. *Westward Passage* is entertaining, and deftly written, but it is essentially hollow and artificial.

INCREDIBLE CARNEGIE, by John K. Winkler; Vanguard, $3.50.

THIS IS THE dramatic tale of the career of our greatest industrial marvel, whose name lives to-day in libraries and educational funds — monuments to a great fortune, a diversity of interests, and a tremendous vanity. Though the book is never scholarly or profound, it is vastly entertaining reading. "Incredible" is certainly the right adjective for this "greediest little gentleman ever created," who worked unceasingly and without scruples to amass one of the greatest fortunes of all time, and yet who died comparatively a poor man, having given it all away in a burst of organized philanthropy.

THOMAS A. EDISON, by Francis Trevelyan Miller: Winston, $1.50.

PUBLISHED six weeks after the great inventor's death, this book has the double advantage of being timely and of giving the completed record of Edison's life work. Twelve years of research lie behind it, in which the author was aided by a staff of investigators, and it incorporates a considerable amount of new and important material. Although it leaves, perhaps, something to be desired from a purely literary standpoint, this biography tells Edison's romantic story simply and lucidly, and humanizes it by the inclusion of numerous personal anecdotes stretching over his entire career.

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TRAVEL NEWS

THE GOETHE CENTENARY

MARCH 22 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the greatest of German poets and dramatists. On that date, a period of celebration will begin throughout Germany to commemorate his life and his accomplishments. In Frankfort, Goethe's birthplace, and in Weimar, where he lived for nearly sixty years and where he finally died, elaborate ceremonies have been planned for the opening day. A special feature of the celebration in both these cities will be the performances of Goethe's plays featuring prominent German actors. Among other cities participating in the Goethe Centenary will be: Berlin, Erfurt, Eisenach, Dresden, Karlsruhe, Leipzig, Stuttgart, and Munich.

TO THE WEST INDIES

THE Canadian National has established a fortnightly cruise service from Boston to Panama which will be continued until April 2. The palatial steamship *Prince David*, built in England less than two years ago, was transferred from the Pacific coast especially for these cruises. The same company also maintains a weekly service between Boston and Bermuda. The *Prince Henry*, a sister ship of the *Prince David*, sails from Boston every Friday and leaves Bermuda every Tuesday for the return trip. In addition, the Canadian National is continuing its regular service between Boston and the West Indies with three boats sailing by way of Bermuda to Georgetown, British Guiana, and two boats to Kingston, Jamaica, by way of Bermuda and the Bahamas.

RUSSIAN TOURS

SEVERAL tours for those who desire to make a study of political, social, and economic conditions in Soviet Russia are now being arranged for next summer. Despite business conditions which are seriously interfering with travel these days, there is such an ever-growing interest in Russia and Russian affairs that it is expected there will be a larger number of tourists sailing from America for that country than ever before. Although the simplest and most convenient way to visit Soviet Russia is to go as a member of a touring party, it is now possible to go alone. The Soviet Union, realizing the tremendous interest the outside world is taking in its development, has arranged for individual entrance visas and has otherwise simplified the procedure of travel. Application for the Soviet visa should be made, however, at least a week before sailing from this country.

WATCHMAN . . .
TELL US OF THE NIGHT

Watchman, as you make the methodical circuit of your floors, what are your thoughts? Are you tempted, by the all-pervading peace, to intone, as watchmen used to do, "All's well! All's well!"

Do you ever, as you pass the rows of numbered doors, philosophize like this: "There are women here who are timorous when alone at night in their own homes. There are those who thought they couldn't rest in a strange bed. Yet they all sleep like children in their cribs."

Do you ever soliloquize like that? Probably not. You sum it up in a word to your wife in the morning, "It's a dull job I have. Nothing happens at all."

But you are an old Statler employee*, so you know the reasons for the calm. You could tell us there are two. One is the feeling of absolute security felt by our guests. The other is the beds, the soothing, restful beds.

You could tell us, too, that the beds lull one to sleep because they're equipped with deep box springs and inner-spring hair mattresses.

You would say, "They're good beds. The best that can be had." And you would be right, for they are. And we might add — we have always thought that the most important thing in a hotel room is the bed. And so we have provided the finest springs and mattresses we could buy, and covered them with snowy sheets and soft blankets, that our guest might sleep the perfect sleep and rise refreshed.

**73% of Statler stockholders are employees.*

HOTELS STATLER

where "The guest is always right"

BOSTON BUFFALO
CLEVELAND DETROIT ST. LOUIS
in NEW YORK, *Hotel Pennsylvania*

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Cartoon by Lombard Jones

Low Tide

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F O R U M

FEBRUARY, 1932 VOL. LXXXVII, NO. 2

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

THE FALLING tide of world business leaves two nations, France and the United States, high and dry, squatting on their huge piles of gold. Uncle Sam and Marianne are perched rather uncomfortably on their golden pyramids and look at each other apprehensively across the receding ocean of trade. What ought they to do?

If Marianne seems worried, Uncle Sam appears very sheepish indeed. This winter we Americans have been making an inventory of our international follies and whistling in vain for interest on fabulous billions of hard-earned capital which, since 1917, we have lavished on foreign lands. The grand totals are fantastic. Our world adventure began in 1917, when America abandoned the policy of Jefferson and carried war across the ocean. To make the world safe for democracy and our commerce we sent to France two millions of our young men and spent twenty-seven billions of dollars on war costs including non-productive engines of death. Before and after the Armistice our government advanced to the powers associated with us another ten billion dollars of American sweat and enterprise. As a result, our own national debt rose in the three years between 1916 and 1919 from one billion dollars to the stupendous total of twenty-five billion.

We liked the game of lending abroad so well that as private citizens we shipped other billions of our earnings after these government foreign loans. Power plants in the Andes stirred the imagination of American investors more than financing Muscle Shoals. Restoring swans to the public park in Hamburg, Germany, seemed more important to New York bankers than removing the eyesores in their own Central Park. And the high rates of interest baited our cupidity. A proper safeguard for any foreign loan is the reasonable expectation that the annual profits arising from reinvestment in that foreign country will exceed the service and interest on the loan. In our enthusiasm to clip coupons on foreign bonds we did not reason so carefully.

If a province in South America asked us for two million dollars we were in the generous mood to insist on handing over ten. From 1912 to 1930 the investments of American citizens in foreign countries increased from two billion to seventeen billion dollars — the equivalent of our national debt to-day.

To Germany we have lent during the past seven years some two and a half billion dollars. In theory this money was advanced to put Ger-

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man industry on its feet. In practice two billion was handed by Germany to the Allies for reparations and by them — to complete the silly circle of high finance — handed back to the United States for payment on their debts. The other half billion did remain in Germany, but a large part was invested not in factories but in those swans and swimming pools, stadia, model tenements, free opera, and other social graces which provide pleasant relaxation for the German toilers but excite to apoplexy the American chauvinist press.

ARE THESE twenty-seven billions of our foreign lendings, public and private, mere vanity, a monument to our international madness? In the hour of temporary default of interest, and in the fortunate absence of a navy large enough to enforce collection, it is hard for the impatient American business man, geared to actualities, to resist the cry, "Let us cancel all foreign debts, or rather assume them ourselves. Let us wipe the slate clean and begin again." This is equally the counsel of impatience and folly. Years of grace and ultimate revision is a healthier formula. As to private debts there is no certainty of repudiation. Time and business integrity can work wonders in their favor. Witness the long deferred but successful collection of British loans in Mexico in the nineteenth century. Englishmen still expect to collect the defaulted bonds of our own southern states. When prosperity returns to the South in the second half of the twentieth century, who knows but that their patience and persistence may be rewarded? Nor have all of our loans to Germany been foolishly invested. Even swans floating gracefully in a Hamburg park constitute an asset if they continue to breed.

While the *Stillhaltung*, the freezing of our short-term credits in Germany, is temporarily distressing to stockholders of New York banks, there is warm water under the surface ice: it is not generally known that we owe in short-term money to foreigners actually more than they owe us.

Foreign loans are not in themselves an evil, if business uses planetary rather than nationalistic glasses. Debtor nations expect to be given a chance to repay through the excess of their exports over their imports, but this opportunity our tariff has as yet denied them. Also, international loans call for more loans to sustain them. But in 1929 came a temporary breakdown in the international confidence necessary to float more loans. When world confidence is restored we shall send good money abroad again after good money, in a chastened spirit, we hope, and with generosity tempered by sound business caution.

THIS brings us to reparations. Americans in general acknowledge the sanctity of private debts, and — less enthusiastically — the adjustment of Allied war debts according to the present purchasing power of the dollar and the capacity of the debtors to pay. But we are weary of reparations. Our government should wash its hands of the whole ugly business except when Europe calls us in as umpire. Since the world war international credit has been walking on stilts — the alleged ability or willingness of Germany to pay for the war. These stilts have been whittled down to slender pins. They represent the collectible annuities under the Young Plan — the non-postponable part of German reparations, of which France receives the lion's share of $120,000,000.

The uncertainty of reparations is the cancer in the body of world economic equilibrium. Compared to the feud between Germany and France, the menace of Japanese in Manchuria and ballyhoo in America are mere eczema. Although Marianne's pile of gold is not so high as ours, her army is larger, and France has it in her power to help the discouraged world to-day even more than Uncle Sam. Cannot France, the realist, offer some way of translating the prolonged payment of German reparations into a shorter term and reduce a chronic world malady to an acute but curable complaint? She paid off her own indemnity to Germany of 1871 in three and one-half years instead of the allotted five.

France could lead the way out of the present dilemma. The world would sigh with relief were France and Germany, as a prelude to some far-future United States of Europe, to form an economic union which would utilize German technology and French hegemony to supply the foster states of France and her vast colonial empire with a wealth of equipment greater than the wildest dreams entertained at Versailles of Germany's capacity to pay.

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A Message to Congress

from A PLAIN CITIZEN

I

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

Gentlemen, I am going to point out to you a few truths that the President, in his message to you at the opening of the present session, would undoubtedly have liked to call to your attention if he had dared. It happens that the President, too, is an officeholder, and caution and expediency are the breath of his political life as they are of yours. No doubt he was wise enough to foresee the fate of his emergency program if he first antagonized you in any way. But I am only a plain citizen. I have nothing to lose, and I feel no hesitation whatever in impeaching your sacred dignity.

I will say, to begin with, that as examples of the representation without which, in 1776, we refused to submit to taxation, you have been thoroughly disappointing. You have sometimes made me wonder whether the American Revolution was worth the trouble, if one of the chief objectives for which my ancestors fought was representation in such a body as you gentlemen have shown yourselves to be during the past two years. The Congress of that time, the historians tell us, was an assembly of very different caliber, actuated by very different motives. Times of national crisis, they explain, bring forth leaders who in other years would remain undiscovered. But we have been in the midst of a national — even world-wide — crisis for two years, and I see in your ranks not one leader worthy of being compared with Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, or even the minor statesmen of the Revolution. (You will pardon me for bringing up these time-honored names for the purpose of this unflattering comparison, since you yourselves have so assiduously kept them alive in our memories by harping on them in your speeches and weaving them into the boasts of your party platforms. Even now a number of your members are devoting a good part of their valuable time to preparations for honoring the two-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, while they turn their backs on the problems of the nation which he helped to found. I might point out that no efforts of Representative Sol Bloom or his colleagues could possibly add to the luster of the name of Washington. Nor was that luster gained by gathering bunting and arranging pageants and oratory in a time of national distress.)

Do not misunderstand me. I am not censuring you for your intellectual limitations as individuals, but for your unpatriotic and unstatesmanlike behavior as a group in a time as grave as the present. I admit at once that I and my fellow-citizens have been greatly to blame. No doubt our representation in Congress has been as good as we were entitled to. We have neglected to exercise our franchise intelligently, if at all. We have tolerated you. We have seen you wasting your time in trivial debates, spending public funds recklessly, neglecting important issues to shadow-box with minor ones, playing to the local electorate at the expense of the national welfare, following the dictates of party politics rather than your own intelligence — and in our lethargy we have failed to rebuke you, we have allowed you to remain in office. In the days of prosperity we were accustomed to think of Congress as inevitably ineffectual and often foolish, but we could afford to laugh at the spectacle for which we were paying. We were engrossed in making money, and what problems you gentlemen discussed and what laws you passed had very little connection, that we could see, with our individual well-being. We were as blind to the really important national problems as you were. I am not denying that.

What I am asking you to realize is that in the interval since your last election we have changed. Hard times have chastened us. We

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do not know a great deal more than we did before about the economic mysteries which have brought us to our present pass, but the bruises and fractures we have received from colliding with them in the dark have convinced us that, whatever they are, they are too big and too substantial to be conjured out of existence by any such simple hocus-pocus as vague boasts about what the Republican or Democratic party will do if placed in power at the next election. Experience has taught us now to suspect all miracle-workers. We doubt that the Democratic, Republican, or any other party possesses the formula for prosperity. We doubt that there is any such formula. Even the economists, who have studied these problems more thoroughly than you or I, admit they are stumped. We have a feeling that we are in for a bad time, and that recovery will be slow and can be accomplished only by careful experiment and unified effort.

We shall not ask of our legislators, therefore, a wisdom in these matters possessed neither by us nor by anyone known to us. But what we *shall* demand is evidence of an honest concern to give serious consideration to the most pressing and important problems first, and to deal with them courageously and wisely, regardless of party affiliations.

Parties mean nothing to me any more. They promised a great deal at the last election, and they have both let me down. Hereafter, I am voting for men. And I am voting, not on the basis of your promises for the future (promises are poison to me), but on your record up to the time of election. Will the record of the present Congress bear that scrutiny?

II

LET US see. Our present troubles descended upon us in October, 1929. In June, 1931, twenty months later, shortly before the close of Congress, Senator Copeland's conscience smote him and he rose and made this statement:

> We sit here and give our attention to local bills and private bills and money bills, failing to catch the vision of what is going on in the wide world. I know of a place in the mountains back of my home in the country where I can retire and build a log cabin and perhaps live on the game of the forest; but there are millions of people in this country and in the world who have no place to get any food; no place to get fuel. Where will it end? What will be the end of it?

Here at last, Senators, you were faced with a direct challenge by one of your own members. How did you meet the challenge? Senator Thomas, of Oklahoma, with the usual senatorial relevance and directness, replied:

> If I may make a suggestion to the Senator from New York, my information is that already the game has been destroyed and depleted throughout the country. Even the rabbits and jackrabbits are gone.

(Even the rabbits and jackrabbits, Senator! There indeed you have put your finger on the root of our whole trouble. And what about the species *Homo Americanus*, Senator? Is he, too, to die out while you sidetrack discussions of pressing problems to entertain the assembly with your mite of information concerning the state of our jackrabbits?)

But no. A little later in the discussion the Lord granted the Senator from Oklahoma a remission of his senses, and he was moved by the same spirit of contrition that had stirred in the breast of the Senator from New York. Said Senator Thomas:

> What effort has been made at the hands of Congress to discover the cause of all this trouble? What effort has been made to provide some remedy for the existing conditions as we find them throughout the country?

To which Senator Copeland rejoined:

> Do not ask me. I do not know of any effort that has been made.

Nor I, Senators. That was in June, 1931. Before the opening of the next session of Congress you had six months in which to view the national situation, study conditions, get advice from experts, and frame your proposals for steps toward reconstruction. Did you make the most of it?

At the opening of Congress last December you submitted 5000 bills for immediate consideration. These, presumably, dealt with the problems which seemed to their sponsors most urgent at the time. A large number of them concerned the old stand-by — prohibition. 4500 of them were purely local bills aimed at the electorates of the districts which you represented. Representative Tinkham, of Massachusetts, evidently thinks that what this country needs most is a hall of fame, for he presented a bill to provide one. Representative Engelbright would protect us with a bill "for the destruction and eradication of

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predatory animals in the State of California." Representative Celler, of New York, thinks it most important that we have a fish cultural station at Montauk Point, Long Island. Representative Wolfenden, of Pennsylvania, presented a vital measure calling for the remodeling of the post office at Phoenixville to make it look Colonial.

Is there evidence here that we can expect any more of you this session than you gave us last? The only constructive moves toward alleviation of the nation's suffering which have been made to date were initiated by civilian committees appointed by the President, or were the result of pressure brought to bear upon him by private interests. Yet, under our democratic system of government, which you have so often pronounced glorious, it is to you, the legislative branch, that we should look for the initiation of measures of relief.

What about unemployment? Should the federal government take a hand in its relief, or are you going to leave it to the states — or just up in the air? What about taxation? How are you going to raise money to cover the expenditures you voted so generously last year? Are you going to do anything about the tariff, now that the Smoot-Hawley bill has brought retaliatory tariffs down on our heads from all directions? Are you going to do anything for the railroads? I know the railroads are corporations and corporations are supposed to be enemies of the People, but I have to ride on them once in a while. Most of my food is brought to me by them. My life insurance company has invested in them. I can't afford to have them go to smash. How about consolidation, rates, and bus competition? Is our national defense adequate? Could anything be accomplished at the disarmament conference which would make it safe to reduce that burden? Should the banking laws be changed? Thousands of banks have failed in the last two years; my friends have lost money in them; my own may be the next to go, for all I know. Can you do anything to prevent it? What about the Sherman Act? Is it hindering industrial recovery, or should it be enforced? And reparations? And the President's proposed Credit Corporation?

All of these demand intelligent consideration and prompt action. How long are you going to continue to dodge your responsibilities? In running for office, you have each of you tacitly set yourselves up as qualified statesmen. For the love of heaven, gentlemen, try for a little while to behave as such!

III

And who am I to make demands on you and tell you how to behave? I am the man you send free seeds to. I am the man to whom most of your remarks in the *Congressional Record* and in the daily press are addressed. I am the man who rises when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played. I am the man who subscribed to the Liberty Loans. I am the man on the other end of the radio when you speak into the microphone at banquets. I am the man who grudgingly pays his income tax each year for fear of being caught and fined if he does not. I am the man who used to shut his eyes and vote all the eagles, or all the stars, at elections. I am the man you claim to represent. And I serve notice upon you that during the interval since your last election my eyes have been opened. I am no longer the man I used to be. I have been badly jolted and it has awakened in me convictions that you never knew I possessed.

Frankly, I am worried, and it is time you were. I am too worried to care much whether I vote Republican or Democratic or Socialist. I no longer belong to any party because I cannot see that any of the parties have distinguished themselves by doing anything about the problems which concern me most at present. You cannot put me off any longer with free seeds or a new façade for my local post office. If you want my vote you will have to drop your party squabbles, cease playing to the local gallery and consider national and international problems, show some sense of proportion, vote honestly and sensibly on bills as they come up, and stop waving that scarecrow, prohibition, before me when there are more important things to be attended to. Try to realize that while you are making the eagle scream in empty utterances about Americanism, and shadow-boxing with imaginary Communistic attacks on our form of government, you yourselves are delivering the greatest blow to our respect for that form of government by the silly, ineffectual spectacle you are making of yourselves in the present crisis.

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Death by Air Transport

by **LLOYD S. GRAHAM**

I

WITH THE nonchalance of steamship, train, or automobile travel you take to air transport. You buy your ticket at a ticket agency, a travel bureau, or at the point of departure. Arrived at the air port a few minutes before the time-table says you are to depart, you see a routine, businesslike activity. The big plane is on the cement apron with its three motors idling — warming up. A United States mail truck is alongside the craft and sacks are being passed swiftly in and stowed. A mechanic is puttering around. With him is the assistant pilot, keeping a cautious eye on things. Passengers are loitering near-by, last-chatting with friends.

The pilot arrives, a competent appearing, youngish man in civilian clothes. They say he flew during the war; has flown thousands of hours without a crack-up, knows perfectly how to handle this huge crate with its three powerful steeds. He takes his seat and revvs up the motors, talks a moment with the mechanic and the assistant pilot who climbs in beside him. His arrival has been the signal for renewed activity. Passengers take their places, baggage is stowed, the mail compartment is closed, last good-byes are said, the inevitable late arrival arrives breathless and takes his place with obvious relief, the entrance of the plane is closed and securely fastened.

Revved up in a steady throaty roar, the huge craft swings out and down the runway, turns into the wind. Motors roar out still louder, speed increases swiftly, a bump or two and then the sensation of a delightful smoothness. The plane is in the air — on time. The earth recedes in a pretty pattern of greens and browns. The passengers relax and settle themselves. There are three men traveling together, all experienced travelers. One is a national figure, jolly, quick-witted. The girl in the rear seat watches the big man curiously and with concealed amusement. She recalls the talk he once gave before her sorority. The trio are enjoying themselves hugely. Above the roar of the motors scraps of their conversation float to the others.

Two other men, traveling alone, are reading newspapers and magazines. The late-comer rushing to the deathbed of his mother, is ill at ease. He is pale and he grips the arms of his chair. It is evidently his first experience in the air, and not exactly satisfactory. A couple, quite obviously honeymooners, are excited, thrilled. Then there is a mechanic of the air transport line in transfer to another point.

The plane, bathed in sunshine, heads into the west. Clouds there are, but high, very high. Down below, fairyland villages and countryside.

An hour of this and the light is not so bright. The pilot notes clouds ahead, close to the earth. No clouds on the route in his latest weather reports. He looks at his assistant significantly. The latter shrugs. They fly on. Should they land? Why should they? You are running an air line on schedule. You just cannot land every time you see a cloud bank. You take off and go through often

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when conditions are far from perfect. In fact, perfect conditions are the exception.

Slowly they pull up for altitude. The sky is clear above and before the passengers know it they are sailing over a fleecy, billowy mass of clouds. But in another half hour there is haze ahead and no signs of a break in the fog below. They are up to five thousand feet. Their destination is not far ahead. They ought to find a break and land in the next fifteen minutes. In the narrowing lane between the upper and lower cloud banks they keep on. If it only remains open a few minutes the pilot thinks he can circle down through the clouds below and find a few hundred feet of precious space between the clouds and the earth and hedge-hop to his destination. If it closes in on him. . . .

The assistant pilot glances back to the passenger compartment. The girl is dozing. The mechanic gives him an understanding look. The three men are still talking, laughing. The two lone travelers are sound asleep. But the late arrival still sits unrelaxed, staring with widened eyes out of the window at the swirling gray masses, alone with his thoughts. The wedge of visibility peters out.

Gradually the pilot noses the plane down through the white under-layer, hoping to come out in the clear — feeling gingerly for the ground, if you can speak of anyone feeling gingerly for the ground at a speed of ninety miles an hour. He slides open his window, taking it on the face. The assistant does likewise on his side. They ought to be down. The pilot straightens out the plane, straining his eyes to pierce the fluffy blanket that is all around.

Once, twice, he thinks he hears a swish, an unusual sound. His pilot glances at him. He hears it, too. Suddenly, with a gasp, he careens the plane off to one side and climbs steeply just in time to miss a tree top at his left wing tip. Up they zoom. The assistant pilot pulls his head in and smiles wanly, rather bloodless about the lips.

Back in the cabin everyone is awake. Staring. That stiff bank was the first intimation they had of an unusual situation. Conversation ceases. The late-comer has not moved, stares now pop-eyed through the window.

Watching his instrument board, the pilot climbs back into the sky, climbs for safety to retrace his way. Another twenty minutes, he reflects, and his gas supply will be uncomfortably low. He must fight his way out of the fog the way he has come and make an emergency landing. Steadily the motors roar on. Ten minutes of this and still fog. The passengers have relaxed somewhat. The three friends have resumed their conversation but not with their earlier avidity. There are no more stiff banks. The progress of the craft is serene.

The fog has advanced on them. They are longer coming out into sunlight than they were going in. The pilot's nerves tighten involuntarily at thoughts of the dwindling gas supply. And fog. His assistant stares grimly ahead. Suddenly it is lighter above. They climb and burst forth into sunshine. The passengers smile and exclaim. But the pilot looks down. Still fog. On he plunges. Ten minutes of gas. Five minutes. Three hundred seconds. Six thousand feet up. A fog bank that thick.

Then he sees his chance. A sort of valley right below in the fog — a rift. He dives for it, hoping to get through before it closes on him. Not steep enough. He loses altitude by side-slipping into the clear spot. Scare the folks back there? Can't help it. The best chance. With sure touch he drops the big plane, dimly hearing cries of consternation from the passengers. They need not worry. He will bring them down safely.

Four thousand, three thousand, two thousand feet. Fog again. Well, he must fight his way down — feel his way. He brings the plane out of the side-slip to an even keel. Crash! He hears and knows, before his white-faced assistant cries, "Wing off!" The plane spins and there is nothing he can do about it.

The damned old crate! He switches off the motors. No use being burned if they can help it. So this is the end for him! And them! His assistant cries something more, he doesn't hear what. It doesn't matter. And then silence. Perhaps he can pull it into a dive and then bring the nose up before they strike, if they come out of the fog. Oh, they are out of the fog. He tries. But it is no use. Well, he will stick. No good upsetting the folks back there by letting them see him quit. They wouldn't know, some of them, until they struck. And then they wouldn't know.

A fine end! Distinguished Flying Cross! Years with the air mail! Years with the trimotors! Now, nothing in sight but a mess of

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wreckage and an aircraft builder saying solemnly that the crash was due to poor piloting. And he could not talk back. The boys would know. But they wouldn't be heard. Nor Bill beside him. Not until Judgment Day!

Why didn't the God-damn management equip the planes with parachutes? And with enough exits so the folks could get out? So he could get out? As they did in the Army? The Army was wise. *They* didn't send a man up in a ship without giving him a second chance if something went wrong. If he had chutes now, he would not have risked a crash by coming down blind through all that fog. When he saw his gas was not going to last, he would have climbed and climbed to the top of the crate and sent Bill back to get chutes onto the folks and make 'em get to hell out of there. They would pull 'em open. They always did. He thought of Army buddies who had jumped to save themselves, had pulled by instinct or something and usually couldn't remember what they did. Something like being thrown in the water and learning to swim. But now there was no chance. Well, maybe. A hill and a lot of trees. Maybe the trees — But, no! The end of the world for them.

II

PUBLICITY mediums have constituted a good angel for the aviation industry. Its leaders have sought and been able to obtain the aid of all branches of the press in promoting its interests under the belief, sometimes true and sometimes mistaken, that the effort in a larger sense was for the glory of this country and the good of humanity. New projects, new inventions, new developments, stunts have been played up. Disagreeable news or information has been played down or ignored altogether, often when the public had a right to know the facts.

Thus the public knows only one side of aviation, the side that those with money at stake want them to know. Many newspapers and magazines have been the unwitting tools of selfish interests in suppressing the other side of the aviation story. The time has long since passed when commercial aviation deserved any special consideration at the hands of newspapers or magazines or any other mediums for the distribution of public information. That time passed when interests in commercial aviation began to turn the good nature of publicity mediums and the continued ignorance of the public on various disagreeable phases of commercial transport to financial account. The time has arrived long since when some aviation information should be distributed without sentiment. The public, if it is to use aviation to the full extent which it deserves with all its faults, has a right to the facts in their entirety rather than by halves.

A fair example of the way in which aviation information is handled is a report issued under date-line of September 15, 1931, by the Department of Commerce. It plays up the fact that the number of passenger miles flown per passenger fatality increased more than 100 per cent in the first half of 1931 as compared with the record for the first half of 1930. It indicated increased safety, an operating improvement which no one wishes to deny. It spoke vaguely of fatalities, even passenger fatalities. It did not go into detail as to whether or not the accidents were avoidable, whether or not the fatalities of passengers were unavoidable. They rarely ever do.

Any government spokesman who happened to tell the truth about commercial transport safety knows he would find the going very difficult in the future. Any publication that tells the truth about this subject will certainly bring down upon it wrath, in imitation of divine righteousness, from the aviation powers. Certainly no commercial transport pilot in these days of jobs difficult to hold and more difficult to get is going to open up and tell what he knows — and they all do know about it and talk of it among themselves — about safety in commercial aviation. They know, especially the Army-trained ones, that every time they enter their plane on a regular run, they are taking their lives and the lives of their passengers in their hands. But it is their bread and butter, it is the support of their families, and they take the risk with various degrees of cheerfulness just as men have done in various walks of life since the beginning of time.

Commercial transport leaders will tell you, some in the truth of ignorance and others knowing they lie, that every safety precaution has been taken in the operation of their lines. They will talk about weather information which a paternal government has provided. They will talk vaguely of radio directional equipment,

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sometimes without being too specific about its application in their own planes. They will talk about high-grade pilots — and anything good they say about the pilots, generally speaking, is true. They will talk about all-metal planes. They will talk about all these and a hundred other safety factors with more or less truth. If they see that you know something about the subject, they may admit that passenger planes to-day are wrongly constructed and should have more exits — many more. You ask about parachutes for passengers and none of them will admit they are needed or are practical.

Pressed on the subject of safety, passenger transport operators will point out that there is practically no hazard. No fire hazard, you ask, knowing that even with Diesel motors fires have been known to occur. Well, practically none, they will say — "practically" making all the difference in the world beside an unequivocal "none." No motor failure hazard? No hazard of structural failure? No danger from storms which man cannot control? No danger from propeller breakage, or from other causes involving metal fatigue, that mysterious thing which caused the disaster to plane and passengers in the English Channel not so long ago? No hazard?

By this time your operator will be peevish and he will assert that passenger flight is as safe as any other method of transportation. He will point to fatalities by automobile and by train. And perhaps he is entirely correct. If you persist about parachutes, he will say that passengers would not use them if they were provided. Just how he knows that, since no passenger line has ever tried to use them, is a mystery. He will tell you parachute equipment would scare off passenger traffic; although how he knows that is also a mystery, for parachutes can be put in planes much more unobtrusively than life preservers or life boats on a steamship, yet one never heard of those pieces of equipment scaring off traffic. He will tell you that passengers with parachutes could not get out of a doomed plane quickly enough, which is a left-handed way of admitting faulty passenger plane design in not providing enough exits.

If you start to talk about some accidents which have happened, he will tell you that most accidents happen too near the ground to save passengers by parachute. Perhaps he does not know that they have saved as low as 150 feet, which is no distance at all in the air. Anyhow he won't tell you that pilots in many cases would reverse their flying technique if their passengers had parachutes and climb to a safe height, saving their passengers by parachute in comparative leisure. No passenger wants to take such a jump any more than he would want to don a life preserver and jump into the sea. But as between life and death, the jump is infinitely desirable. Your operator will not want to hear about the Rockne incident in which its fatal nature must have been known by pilot and passengers several seconds in advance of the crash. He will not want to be reminded of Will Rogers's remark that Rockne certainly and his companions probably could have been saved had parachutes been available. He will not care to hear again about Will's reference to the success of the use of parachutes in the Army and his quaint remark that "the Army can't be wrong all the time."

The transport operators will not admit that they have made a definite agreement among themselves not to go into the expense of parachutes, and to oppose aggressively any legislation which may force them to provide parachutes. They will not tell you the real reasons for this agreement. They prefer to come to you solemnly and unblushingly, with the blood of dead passengers on their hands, and tell you how safe it is for you to travel in their planes — how they have provided every known safety factor for you when they know, those of them who know anything about the subject, that what they say is not true. They console themselves with the thought that all of the others are doing the same thing. They deliberately turn a deaf ear to and ignore the experience of the Army and others in the use of parachutes — experience which shows brilliantly the falsity of their position.

More than a dozen years ago the Army began to be cognizant of the value of parachutes. Military leaders were willing to try anything that would cut down the high war mortality rate of pilots. The Germans began using parachutes successfully before the end of the war — parachutes like those used long ago in jumping from balloons — and it was generally agreed that if there were any hope at all, which some doubted, for a pilot or

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passenger in a disabled machine, it rested with an umbrella-shaped fabric that would bring a man down from up there slowly enough to avoid injury.

An Early Bird by the name of Floyd Smith made the first successful parachute for riders of planes in this country, and a lad by the name of Leslie L. Irvin first climbed out of a plane above McCook Field, Ohio, on April 28, 1919, pulled a parachute ripcord, and landed safely. From the time of that memorable first jump with the modern parachute any number of persons have made parachute jumps for the thrill, and more than 700 up to the end of 1931 have saved their lives with them. So satisfactory was the performance in the Army that on January 15, 1923, a general order, known as Circular No. 6, was issued forbidding any Army pilot to go up in a plane or take up a passenger not equipped with a parachute. The Navy followed almost immediately.

Since that time the military services of England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Italy, France, Germany, Latvia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Rumania, Siam, and the Soviet Union, as well as several other countries including many of South America, have adopted them. Wise civilian fliers, trained in the military traditions of aviation, nearly always wear them. Their use on the part of pilots flying the air mail in this country (without passengers) is mandatory and the lives of several of them have been saved.

The statistics of those saved are interesting for what they reveal concerning the weaknesses of aircraft, particularly in the face of the arguments of transport operators as to safety of planes. Contrary to the opinions of most people, comparatively few crashes are caused by the elements. Acts of God, so-called, accounted for only 9.29 per cent of the emergency jumps studied, taking the cases examined up to the end of 1930. These included fog, smoke, snow, ice, lightning, and the like.

By far the largest number of crashes, 29.46 per cent, were caused by control failure. This included cases in which the plane refused to come out of spins, cases when the controls jammed. It may be argued that inexperience of young pilots may have been the cause of many instances of control failure — that the failure often rests with the pilot in not knowing what to do. Perhaps. But who is to judge? At such a time it is not well for any pilot to reason why too long, or to stand upon the order of his going. Some of the finest pilots who ever lived have made emergency jumps after control failure. Consider then that these figures show at least one out of every four jumps to have been made because of control failure and it will be clearly seen that air transport has very pronounced weaknesses.

Structural failure did not account for as many parachute emergencies as one might suppose — 80 out of 387, or 20.67 per cent. Most of these cases involved the breaking up of some part of the plane in maneuvers or ordinary flight. One-third of these were caused by the breaking of the propeller, always an unexpected and disastrous happening. A few involved loss of landing gear.

Collision, certainly unpremeditated and always a hazard of the air, caused 66 jumps, or 17.05 per cent. Many but not all of these happened during military maneuvers. Motor failures caused but 24 jumps, or 6.2 per cent. This speaks volumes for the reliability of motors but indicates that the absolute of perfection has not yet been reached.

Fire, usually but not always resulting from motor or ignition troubles, caused 28 of the jumps, or 7.23 per cent. Nineteen persons, or 4.91 per cent, saved themselves by parachute after being accidently thrown out of their planes. Perhaps such instances should be included in the "act-of-God" category.

Of the elemental trouble, fog caused the most jumps — 15 out of 387 — while storms of various kinds caused fourteen jumps. Snowstorms specifically caused four jumps, and one man saved himself by parachute from a plane that was struck by lightning. Smoke of a forest fire in northern Manitoba caused one jump. Lives have been saved in two cases when gas was exhausted and there was no place in which to put the plane down. Trouble with the ignition system caused two more jumps. There were also eight cases in which the modern parachute saved lives when home-made or experimental parachutes used in exhibition failed.

Without doubt, most air transport companies go to extraordinary trouble to test and service the planes which they keep in operation. But the human element always enters into the

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situation — an element prone to failure. Moreover, even without the human element, note that nearly 10 per cent of the emergency jumps were due to acts of God; conditions which could not possibly have been foreseen. As a matter of fact, most of the other conditions which caused emergency jumps could not have been foreseen.

In the old days some of the military pilots scorned the use of parachutes, fulfilled the letter but showed their contempt of the general order by slipping out of their parachute harnesses as soon as their planes were off the ground. When one or two of them were found dead in crashed ships in this condition, scorn in the service for parachutes evaporated. To-day service fliers take the wearing of parachutes as a matter of course. They would not be without them.

There are Army and Navy trained pilots who will not ride the air transport lines, or allow their families or friends to ride them, because the lines do not furnish or will not permit the use of parachutes. These men, who know the game from the inside, would as soon think of going to sea on a ship without lifeboats or life preservers.

III

If the reader would desire more tangible evidence of the attitude and unity of the transport executives on this subject, perhaps the highlights of a survey made by the writer will be of interest.* One nationally known air transport leader wrote:

"I have never heard of passengers asking for parachutes, and if they should ask for parachutes we would not furnish them."

Another national figure in air transport wrote:

"We have not permitted parachutes to be carried on air lines by either passengers or pilots. The crew should stay with the ship and that is the best bet for the passengers." This leader thus utterly disregards the records of those hundreds who have saved themselves by not staying with the ship but resorting to the jump when they were about to crash.

One of the most curious letters of all came from a transport executive who had himself made an emergency jump and, since writing this letter, has been killed while stunting too close to the ground. Despite the fact that he owed his life to the parachute, his position as transport executive did not permit him to concede it anything. He never even referred to that interesting fact in his letter.

"In analyzing the accidents of the past few years in air transport operations it is difficult to see where the parachute would have saved any lives that were lost in these accidents as practically all were caused by flying in bad weather," he remarked. "There are those who may use the argument of a life preserver on a boat as compared to a parachute, but it is hardly a fair comparison as a life preserver can be used at any time in any position with practically no knowledge of its limitations by the wearer. This, of course, is untrue with the parachute."

It is curious that a man with so much experience could defend the lack of parachutes with such obvious untruths. As everyone who has done much traveling by water knows, there are lifeboat and life preserver drills on passenger steamships. The same might be done with parachutes in connection with air travel. But this is not essential. Practically all of those who have saved their lives with parachutes to date, men and women, had no previous experience with them.

A half-dozen other air transport leaders might be quoted to show the unanimity of their stand on this subject. Every time there is a serious accident in the air there is a sharp decline in traffic which gradually comes back to normal in about six months. Accidents are costly in loss of traffic. Nevertheless the cost of installing parachutes is evidently one of two great reasons for the stand against them.

It may be argued that air transport would certainly spare no expense for safety. But air transportation is a business, a money-making proposition, not a matter of sentiment or charity. Think back and it will be recalled that but a few years ago there were steamship scandals in connection with wrecks and loss of life in which it was found that there was insufficient or poor equipment of lifeboats and preservers. Think back and you will recall that many of the safety features on modern railroads were forced upon them by legislation.

History is merely repeating itself in air transport. It would cost more than $6000 to equip a fourteen-place plane with parachutes,

* *The Editor has seen these letters and has copies on file.*

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figuring a 50 per cent reserve of chutes for it. Good chutes cost from $300 to $350 each. Since the life of a parachute, with reasonable care, is from five to ten years, the cost per passenger mile would be infinitesimal. However, it would be necessary to have trained parachute men to keep the chutes in a safe and serviceable condition — men licensed for the work after examinations by the Department of Commerce.

There would be other items of expense. Not the least of this expense would be the loss of pay load capacity of planes. In other words, since each parachute weighs eighteen pounds, the addition of ten parachutes in the weight of a plane's equipment would reduce its pay load by one passenger. Other items of expense would be redesigning or altering planes to provide more exits and placing the parachute equipment so that it could be used to the best advantage.

Another important reason for the united front on this subject seems to be the ignorance of transport leaders concerning the parachute. To that extent, at least, their opposition is unwitting rather than money-vicious. In discussing parachutes most air transport leaders show less knowledge concerning them than that of the average school boy.

One executive wrote that the route of his planes was almost entirely over water where, he thought, parachutes would be useless. He evidently did not know that the Army has had several instances of men being saved when landing in water; that they wear a kapok vest when flying over water, as well as parachutes; that three men were saved out of one plane over water and the only one who was killed was a man who did not jump.

Another executive wrote that parachutes are impractical and useless in transport planes. Evidently he did not know that the Army has numerous instances of several men being saved from transport planes. In one instance in California a propeller on a tri-motor broke. The pilot turned to tell the six soldiers in the cabin to jump. But they had already left. With their weight out of the plane, he and his co-pilot were able to make a successful crash landing.

Still another well-known air transport figure speaks of a parachute weighing thirty pounds when he ought to know that the type used by the Army and Navy for more than ten years weights but eighteen pounds. He says that using a parachute in emergency requires "great determination and coolness" when most of the evidence of those who have made emergency jumps is to the effect that they act automatically; that is, that they act without thinking. Many of them cannot remember actually pulling the ripcord. Call it instinct, the law of self-preservation; most men and women who have made emergency jumps cannot describe them though they have acted with split-second swiftness. If they have any fear of "nerves" at all that does not come until much later.

The public, ignorant, sheeplike, does not realize that its second chance for safety in air travel is being deliberately and purposefully withheld by air transport operators. The public does not know that there are parachutes in existence to-day so cleverly made that the harness and pack are concealed in the aircraft chair; that in case of impending trouble it is merely necessary to snap a couple of straps together and one is ready to go. The public does not know that it is no longer necessary for a parachute wearer even to pull a ripcord; that a clockwork device may be set either by the wearer, the co-pilot, or the steward, with certainty that after a number of seconds have elapsed during a fall the parachute will open.

If the public knew all these things it might make demands which the air transport operators could not ignore. Otherwise the change will probably come by legislation — a legal bludgeon held over their heads just as it has been held over the heads of steamship and railroad interests at various times. A few more bad air accidents as bad or worse than the Rockne incident, which according to the law of averages and the very nature of the business must happen sooner or later, will create popular legislation for the protection of air travelers. Were it not for the silly sentiment with which Americans regard aviation and all its interests, such legislation would have arrived long ago. There will be opposition to it, of course. After the Rockne accident did not the New York legislature in its lower house rush through a bill requiring all air transports operating within the state to provide a parachute for each passenger? And did not the air transport interests martial their forces and promptly kill it when it came up in the state Senate?

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What Hope for Disarmament?

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Come in, sir, come in. I am very glad to see you. I should like to talk freely with a Frenchman about our common concerns. You have turned up at a most opportune moment. For forty years I have believed that America paid scant heed to your local European quarrels. Now I discover that these quarrels are disrupting the life and work of the whole world. It is time to put an end to them.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — I am delighted to find that you feel this way. I have been of the same mind since 1918. In those days a man — your President — caused us to hope for universal peace. I saw him arrive in Paris after the war; never did a nation welcome with such abandon the head of a foreign state. He brought with him vast hopes. They were frustrated.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Let the past be. In this country we look above all toward the future. You will admit that the world is in mortal danger from this state of armed peace? It would be bad enough if the cruisers, the cannons, and the fighting planes could always remain inactive, for these toys swell our budgets and cost dear; but you know as well as I do that a fleet and an army are permanent temptations to war. A military staff that has a fine equipment naturally wants to use it. Young officers are brave, and welcome adventure like a windfall of fortune. There can be no peace without disarmament — at least that is what we think in this country. We are often told that France is one of the obstacles in the path of our desires. I should be happy to hear your defense on this point.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — May I take the liberty of quoting three figures?

AMERICAN SENATOR. — I love figures.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Here are mine. American budget of armaments: $707,425,000. Russian budget: $578,943,000. French budget: $466,980,000.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Your figures are correct, but the budgets which you cite represent what *has been*, and what, exactly, we want to transform. The point is not whether a nation is armed (for if others are prepared, one must protect oneself) but whether it has the desire to disarm. *We* have that desire. Have the French?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — The French? Who *are* "the French"? On this subject, as on all others, there are in France many groups of divergent opinions. I shall tell you presently to what faction I personally belong. Let us discuss first the official doctrine of the French Foreign Office. Shall I surprise you very much if I say that, during the ten years following the war, this doctrine has been more pacific than that of your own country or of England?

AMERICAN SENATOR. — You surprise me so much that I can scarcely credit your words.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Consider the facts, however. Wilson created an instrument: the League of Nations. (In order to avoid misunderstanding I may as well tell you right off that I am a supporter of the League and, despite its recent reverses, have great faith in its future.) The French Government, in Clemenceau's régime, was mistrustful of the League. That was quite natural. It had accepted the League in exchange for an Anglo-American pact of security. That pact, guaranteed by

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Wilson and Lloyd George, had been annulled by your own assembly, the United States Senate. We were amazed and disturbed. . . . This period of ill feeling did not, however, last long. The French, whose temper inclines them to judicial methods, were very quickly — as early as 1920, in fact — allured by the idea of replacing armed conflicts with an international tribunal. For ten years they have been trying to make the Anglo-Saxon nations adopt a mechanism which will render the sanctions against an aggressor automatic. As soon as this automatic functioning seems to them to be assured, they will disarm. This was the period of the famous formula: Arbitration, Security, Disarmament. It pleased the French so much that they kept coming back to it under many forms: the Geneva Protocol of 1924, the treaty of mutual assistance, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the United States of Europe — all these are but different manifestations of this doctrine. Each time, however, during this period, that a Frenchman thought he had found a suitable method for assuring the automatic functioning of peace, this method was systematically stultified by the indifference of America and the hostility of England —

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Stop. You're not being fair. As early as 1923 I myself introduced into the United States Senate a resolution which read as follows: "Whereas the overwhelming moral sentiment of civilized people everywhere is against the cruel and destructive institution of war, and — Whereas all alliances, leagues, or plans which rely upon war as the ultimate power for the enforcement of peace carry the seeds either of their own destruction or of military dominancy to the utter subversion of liberty and justice, and — Whereas we have in our Federal Supreme Court a practical and effective model for a real international court, as it has specific jurisdiction to hear and decide controversies between our sovereign states . . . *Resolved:* That it is the view of the Senate of the United States that war between nations should be outlawed as an institution or means for the settlement of international controversies. . . ."

FRENCH DEPUTY. — I know that resolution. I am certain that your intentions, in proposing it, were excellent, and that you did it in perfect good faith. The events that have followed must have convinced you, however, as they have me, of the lack of reality in such an approach. As the Spaniard, Madariaga, has very aptly said, the success of your Supreme Court derives from the fact that it is the supreme judicial organ of an actual community, united by common sentiments of patriotism and by common bonds of interest, and upheld by a political force so powerful that no one of the federated states could resist it. Can one, I ask you, seriously compare this vigorous institution with the unhappy Court of the Hague, where each judge arrives weighed down with national prejudices, where nothing is held in common — neither language nor interests nor characteristic temper — and which, above all, has no sanctions at its command for the execution of its sentences except the good faith of the parties involved?

AMERICAN SENATOR. — The tenacity of the French spirit is formidable. For ten years now you have always kept coming back to your "sanctions."

FRENCH DEPUTY. — And for ten years you American senators have been removing all force from those sanctions in your fear of what you call "entanglements" in European affairs, and through your refusal to allow any restriction on the freedom of the seas — which makes England, also, powerless to apply those sanctions, even supposing that she wishes to do so.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — I must tell you frankly that you will not convince American public opinion on this point. First, our country remains, and will remain, faithful to the idea of "no entanglements." Secondly, we do not understand very well what you French are striving for. Be fair. England gave you the Pact of Locarno, which guaranteed your frontiers. You said that it was not enough. Then we, along with all the other nations of the world, signed the Kellogg Pact. Your papers said ironically that it amounted to nothing.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Come now, admit that it didn't amount to much. Article I: Each nation renounces war except when it judges war to be expedient and necessary. Article II: Each will prevent the other nations from fighting, except when it considers such a course dangerous.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Perhaps you are right. We have the impression, however, that you would say the same thing of any other treaty and that should we, in the future, pile

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up agreement on agreement, France would still never consider that her security was guaranteed. Right or wrong, this impression has had the effect of disillusioning us regarding pacts — for which, to tell the truth, our taste was never very strong.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — There you are! That's it exactly. I must confess that I, too, have temporarily lost all confidence in pacts, and all desire to consummate any new ones — at least under the old vague and abstract form. Remember, though, that what I am going to tell you now is no longer the official doctrine of the French Foreign Office, but my own personal opinion. The Foreign Office still stands by the formula: Arbitration, Security, Disarmament — and I don't blame them for it. If it could be realized, it would be the best formula. I can assure you, however, that many French politicians are beginning to think as I do — and they can be found in all parties, too. If I weren't discreet, I could quote some names that would surprise you.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — This is all extremely interesting. What is this new attitude, and how did it come about?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — It has its origins in what you call, with some slight uneasiness, the "logicalness" of the French spirit. After numerous setbacks, which you recently mentioned, we arrived at this simple process of reasoning: "A machinery for maintaining peace, organized along judicial principles in accordance with the framework of the Covenant, *could* have been achieved and remains desirable. Since, however, it has now been proved by a dozen practical experiences that the Anglo-Saxon peoples *do not want* this organization and, at least in their present state of mind, will not back it with the force which alone could make it effective, why should we obstinately hold out? One must be realistic. America and England are what they are. Let us accept them as such, and demand the same tolerance in return from them."

AMERICAN SENATOR. — That's just the advice I gave your newspapermen when they came over here with Premier Laval.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Precisely. And since that visit a grave situation has confirmed us in our opinion. I refer, of course, to the Sino-Japanese conflict. There is a case in which it would have been relatively easy (much easier than in the event of a European clash) for the signers of the Kellogg Pact to fulfill their engagements. A little firmness and unanimity, and the League of Nations could have maintained its prestige. What happened? Each nation thought first not of its obligations, but of its own interests. To save appearances, the delegates discussed endlessly the article of the League Covenant which it was appropriate for them to apply. Then official notes were sent. While they awaited replies the cannons were fired. What has this experience proved? Simply that a pact is valueless if its signers are not resolutely determined to enforce it, even at the peril of their existence. But, in the crisis of acute nationalism through which our planet is now passing, this resolute determination does not exist. I deplore it, but it is a fact, and we must regulate our conduct in accordance with that fact.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Should I conclude, then, that, in our present frame of mind, the first two terms of the French formula — Arbitration and Security — seem to you impossible of realization, and that you will reject the third — Disarmament?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Well no, not exactly. Undoubtedly it is rejected by certain Frenchmen, but, as I told you just now, others are trying to evolve a new doctrine which I believe is very interesting, and which I shall attempt to explain to you. . . . Naturally, suppression of armaments without any guarantees would be a folly which no one, not even you, Mr. Senator, would ask France to commit. Furthermore, the suppression of open armaments would not eliminate hidden means of defense. It would favor nations without parliamentary control which could have secret military budgets — and anyway one can always fight with pitchforks.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — It is not a question of abolishing all armaments, but of reducing them progressively.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — If the reduction is moderate, the method is clear-cut, and the control efficacious, I am not hostile to the idea. I should, however, bitterly oppose efforts toward parity, or statistical tables, or other such mathematical follies — which create a nest of quarrels as interminable as they are unintelligible. I believe that we must begin with a simple reduction of budgets — say 10 per

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cent in five years — if only to reëstablish confidence. Between you and me, however, I would say the same thing of this solution that I said just now of pacts: I do not believe it will work. It is a lazy man's method, which puts no real backbone into the idea of peace.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Can you think of any other method?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — I am beginning to form a notion of one. It seems to me that if, up till now, we have failed to make a strong and living organism out of the League of Nations, it is because we have sought to found it on doctrines and not on tangible realities. Suppose, for example, that the United States were represented solely by the White House and Congress, without any of those innumerable bonds which link the senators to their states, the President to his party, the party to its members, the members to their factories and farms, and all citizens to their past. Suppose that the government of France were an assembly which did not have, as its functional environment, Paris, and the life and intelligence of Paris, or the provinces with all their industries and customs, and the long history behind them. Do you imagine that a purely political government would represent anything at all? I think, myself, that such a government could neither last nor govern. That, however, is what we have tried to do at Geneva. We have created a political body without linking it up strongly with underlying realities. The result is that it is shorn of power because it lacks nourishment.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — What are you driving at, and what is the connection between this idea and disarmament?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — You will see presently. To make Geneva a reality, we must give the League actual things to administrate, and not merely principles as in the past. Now there are in Europe certain things which could be most advantageously grouped together under the direction of Geneva, and the unification of which would, in this instance, mark a practical advance toward the solution of the disarmament problem. These things are means of transportation and especially — as a starter — airplanes. A whole group of Frenchmen, belonging to different parties, have got under way a project for an International Air Union. In this union, whose headquarters would be at Geneva, all the commercial air lines of Europe would be banded together. The advantages would be immediate. *Economic advantages:* The international company would abolish those lines which duplicated each other, would standardize equipment, and would effect large economies in the subsidies of the various nations. *Pacific advantages:* Commercial airplanes (which, as everyone knows, are designed to become bombing planes) would be neutralized in time of war. Besides, we should avail ourselves of this union to prohibit the building of bombing planes, only pursuit and observation planes being permitted. Above all, the *political advantages:* The League of Nations would finally become a real entity; it would administrate a European ministry of the first rank; it would control a commercial budget. Consider further that nothing would prevent it from negotiating a treaty of mutual aërial assistance. . . .

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Your project sounds pretty good to me. It is simple; it appears to be appropriate and straightforward. But I find it narrow and limited. Why confine yourself to aviation? We are expecting more of the 1932 conference.

FRENCH DEPUTY. — One must make a start somewhere. If we can put across in 1932 both this project and a 10 per cent reduction in armament budgets, we shall have made a great step forward. If the experiment succeeds, we can extend it later to commercial fleets (which are ruining themselves in futile rivalry) and then to all the means of transport. It will mean the birth of a new Europe.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — And you believe that a united Europe is possible?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — I rarely risk the rôle of prophet, but in this case I shall. Europe will unite, Mr. Senator; it will unite with due respect to national characteristics and differences; it may unite in a hundred years or it may unite in three hundred, but united it will be because unity is essential. I only hope that the new Europe will take shape by such prudent and progressive methods rather than by conquest or revolution. Thus we shall avoid useless suffering.

AMERICAN SENATOR. — Will you have the wisdom to accomplish this?

FRENCH DEPUTY. — Will you aid us in our attempt?

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The Jargon of Psychology

by **W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D.**

EVER SINCE the day an unknown wag discovered "the psychological moment," America has become so psychology-conscious that the lush vocabulary created by psychiatrists to describe the data of mental life has thoroughly permeated the speech of the man on the street. Psychology has contributed more *clichés* to the American language than any other science, and compared to Adler, Freud, and Watson, such pioneers of human thought as Darwin, Pasteur, and Einstein are inconsequential and minor neologists. It is no longer unusual for an advertiser to announce that his new collar is a certain cure for the inferiority complex, or for a cub reporter to speak glibly of a murderer's "split personality." The "psy-ologist" has invaded the vaudeville stage, college boys taunt uncompromising co-eds with being repressed and inhibited, cartoonists burlesque the Oedipus complex, and $25-a-week stenographers talk about "getting psyched."

Much of the new psychological vulgate is used with little or no reference to its scientific meaning, but this confusion is not to be laid entirely at the door of the average man, for the professional psychologists are frequently the worst offenders. Nor can these gentlemen be blamed altogether for their linguistic sins, because the science of human behavior which we call mental hygiene has a dubious ancestry. Sired by alchemy, magic, and theology, dammed by medicine, spiritualism, and philosophy, born in the madhouse, and weaned in the mesmerist's parlor in an atmosphere of "magnetic" rods, incense, and purple velvet curtains, the infant sciences of mental hygiene and psychiatry bear the unmistakable stigmata of their vague ancestry in the very words and definitions which are used to describe their basic data.

The word *psychology* literally means the science of the soul, but the so-called psychologists of our great universities who spend long hours and expensive equipment determining whether a white rat will cross an electrically charged grill to get at his mate and calculate the strength of the sex-urge in terms of volts and amperes have surely little to do with the soul, and hardly more with science.

A *psychiatrist* means, literally, a physician of the soul, but most of my colleagues would find great difficulty in defining the intangible member whose ailments they purport to cure. As a matter of fact, the majority of psychiatrists, asked how they cure a sick soul, would curtly brush aside the query with, "Souls? We leave those to the theologians!" It is evident, then, that both the sciences of psychology and psychiatry have tossed overboard that much abused entity, the psyche or soul, and concern themselves primarily with human behavior, normal and abnormal.

Psychiatry limits its field to the medical aspects of abnormal human conduct. Every psychiatrist is a physician who specializes in the clinical aspects of nervous and mental diseases. He practices mental hygiene, or *psychotherapy*.

The *psychologist*, on the other hand, is but seldom a doctor of medicine. He may be a professor who teaches academic psychology, which is hardly more than a specialized physiology of the sense organs. Or, usually armed with a Ph.D., he may concern himself with human behavior in terms of its social, occupational, experimental, or religious aspects. Many so-called psychologists do nothing but make mental tests of one sort or another. They should be called psychometrists — that is, psychologists who measure behavior according to definite arbitrary scales or tests.

Other psychologists, fascinated with their

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studies in abnormal psychology and intoxicated with the knowledge they have gained from books, set themselves up as "consulting psychologists" and invade the field of the psychiatrist without benefit of a medical license. Some of them are very clever and honest students, whose advice surely compares favorably with the saccharine bromides of the average preacher who formerly essayed to approach the problems of human conduct from a purely moral point of view. Taken as a class, however, the "consulting psychologists" are dangerous practitioners, insufficiently equipped to handle the delicate material of distorted and diseased minds.

The psychiatrist, in turn, is often known by the school of psychotherapy he follows. The term *alienist* refers usually to those psychiatrists who occupy themselves solely with the problems of insanity and their institutional care. By a peculiar trick of etymology the medical term for an insane person is *psychotic* — that is, literally, one who has too much soul. The different forms of insanity are called *psychoses* as a generic name, but several clinical entities among the psychoses have specific names, such as *paranoia*, the psychosis in which the individual has systematized delusions of persecution, or *dementia precox*, a psychosis which usually attacks younger individuals and is characterized by a withdrawal from the world of reality and a flight into the asylum (free from harm) of a dreamlike, phantastic world.

The Different Schools

There are several schools of analytic psychiatry, the most important being those of the followers of Adler, Jung, and Freud. These psychiatrists are loosely known as *psychoanalysts*. Technically, the term psychoanalysis refers solely to the system of psychotherapy discovered and approved by Dr. Sigmund Freud. The Freudians are very jealous of their title, and resent anyone being called a psychoanalyst unless he is an orthodox believer in the Freudian credo. Analytic psychiatrists of other schools are usually happy enough not to identify themselves with the Freudians, and prefer to be identified with the names of the leaders of their favored schools, Adler, Jung, Stekel, Bleuler, or Janet.

The analytic psychiatrists concern themselves largely with the treatment of the *neuroses*. The neuroses lie between the ideal of "normal" behavior, which exists only as a fiction, and the various psychoses or insanities, the disorders of behavior so severe that they require the patient's being interned in a closed institution. By definition, therefore, everyone is a neurotic to a greater or lesser extent, and fair prey for an analytic psychiatrist. Neurosis means "too many nerves" and is just another misnomer that clogs the progress of mental hygiene. Neuroses very seldom have anything to do with nerves, except that their manifestations are often accomplished by an imbalance of the vegetative nervous system. A neurosis is really not a disease at all in the sense that measles or diphtheria are diseases, but an evasion of some one of life's inevitable problems: social adjustment, occupational adjustment, or sexual adjustment. The evasion is accomplished in a variety of ways by setting up a painful alibi which serves to exonerate the neurotic both in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world for his failure to perform as his fellow men perform.

This evasion may be accomplished by means of some organ in the neurotic's body. When this occurs psychiatrists speak of the condition as a "conversion neurosis" because the individual's disinclination to face reality is converted into an illness. In such a case the affected organ becomes the loud-speaker of his personality. The neurotic broadcasts his willingness, and points to the weakness of his flesh in exoneration. The reader will see at once that a neurosis may actually cripple an individual just as completely as a broken leg or an attack of heart disease. But in essence it is no more than a complicated form of bad manners based on ignorance and fear. The essence of every neurosis is to convert the patient's "I will not!" into an apparent "I cannot!"

The popular vogue of Freudian psychoanalysis is largely responsible for the influx of many new terms in the English language. Owing to the fact, discountenanced by Freud himself who is a sincere if misguided scientist, that numerous laymen have taken to "psyching" their neighbors, and setting themselves up as psychoanalysts without the least title to the name, the psychoanalytic jargon has become at once the most popular and the most misused of technical patters. Sigmund Freud introduced

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the term *unconscious* into psychiatric literature, and with it the concepts of the *subconscious*, *coconscious*, *repression*, *regression*, *sublimation*, *inhibition*, the *id*, the *super-ego*, the *Oedipus complex*, the *castration complex*, and the like. But his greatest invention was the *libido*, which even college boys can understand and have translated and abbreviated into those trenchant letters b.u. (body urge). Dr. Freud believed that the libido is the unregenerate, anti-social, primeval sexual driving energy which stalks and catches unwitting neurotics and sends them to his disciples to be "psyched."

Sexo-Satanic Imps

Five hundred years ago it was very generally believed that neuroses and psychoses were caused by evil spirits. Most attempts at curing the insane were directed toward making life as unbearable as possible for the evil spirits in the body of the afflicted psychotic, and to this end massive doses of the most disagreeable drugs known to men were freely administered. Freud naturally rejected the evil spirit theory of mental disease as unscientific, but actually he has just given the bad little devils a new and scientific name. The libido is the arch-fiend in the psychoanalytical demonology. Quite appropriately the sexo-satanic libido is attended by a cohort of lesser imps, the id, the death drive, the castration complex, and the Oedipus complex. The picture is completed by the fluttering figures of a few pale and impotent angels, the super-ego, the Censor, and sublimation.

Needless to say, none but the Freudians have ever found any scientific belief for the assumption of the existence of the libido. The libido is a scientific fiction which was invented to help explain the facts of neurotic behavior. When the libido no longer worked as an explanation, other fictions were invented to assist the libido. The result is that a chaotic confusion of terms and meanings exists not only in the mind of the public, but also in the minds of the Freudians themselves. For the purpose of this paper we can best describe the present state of psychoanalysis as psychology ad libido.

The most popular and the most misused term in the Freudian psychology is sublimation. Freud conceived of the libido "as if" it were actually a form of energy, and maintained that, like light or electricity, it could be transformed into other forms of "psychic" energy. Thus the horrid, un-social, darkly sexual libido could, by the proper incantations, be turned into the telling of jokes, the painting of lampshades, the reading of fortunes from tea leaves, or into any of the other pretty occupations that are open to people who lead frustrated sex lives. Perhaps this is the basic Freudian error and the chief reason why the whole Freudian psychoanalysis must eventually crumble. The libido, in point of fact, is *not* actually a form of energy, but only a metaphysical *analogy* of energy.

The popularity of psychoanalysis in some circles is based on this widespread misconception that the libido can be turned into artistic talent. When a spinster refuses to get married and bear children, and points to her little pencil sketches proudly, saying "Behold, these are my sublimations!" she only believes that she is sublimating sex. Actually she is running away from the solution of a problem in one of the main arenas of life, and pointing to the fact that she is "terribly busy" in one of the unimportant side shows. Real sublimation, analogous to the energy changes found when water turns a turbine to generate electricity which in turn is transformed into heat energy in an electric stove, is unknown, impossible, and inconceivable in human life. In human beings hunger and thirst are stronger instinctive urges than sex, but no one has ever thought of sublimating hunger into painting picture post cards or of attempting to transform a good thirst into a sonata.

Dr. C. G. Jung, a brilliant apostate from the Freudian cult, is responsible for the invention of those highly popular terms *introversion* and *extraversion*. These words describe very common types of human conduct. The introvert lives an inner life, satisfying himself with the adventures of metaphysics, introspection, phantasy, philosophy, self-remorse, doubt, religious calisthenics, and the like. The absent-minded professor is as good an example as any.

The *extravert* prefers, by contrast, to live an external life. He studies golf rather than Spinoza, and prefers Irving Berlin to Bach. He is inclined to be more sociable, more athletic, more active. He prefers a life of doing to a life of thinking about life. The confusion about these terms lies in the fact that they are con-

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sidered unchangeable attributes of a personality, and not just convenient descriptions of conduct. An introverted professor of our acquaintance became an extrovert when in the course of a day-dreaming promenade he ventured into a field occupied by an angry bull. When the bull chased him, he vaulted the fence as beautifully as any sophomore pole-vaulter. The ideal human being is nothing more or less than an introverted extravert or an extraverted introvert.

Who's Schizoid Now?

With the recent tendency of the law to consult the psychiatrist in criminal cases, especially in murder cases, the words *schizophrenia* and *schizoid*, formerly never found outside the most abstruse psychiatric journals, have crashed the gate of journalism. A colleague was once called to examine an alleged accomplice in a gang murder, and while questioning the suspect about the indicted murderer, the gangster delivered himself of the following brilliant dictum: "Oh yeah? Well, one of you fancy psychos called 'im (the murderer) a schizoid but I calls 'im a dope!" Schizophrenia, or dementia precox as it is more popularly known, is a protean disease which fills more hospital beds in the United States than any other disease. One of its basic symptoms, as we pointed out previously, is a withdrawal from reality, and this withdrawal from the responsibilities of adult life is accomplished by an apparent "split" in the personality. This "splitting of the personality" is so common that Bleuler, a Swiss psychiatrist, called the disease schizophrenia, which in Greek means "a division of the mind."

This is another misunderstood verbal fiction which has brought confusion into both scientific and lay minds. Actually there can be but one mind in any body, and the split in the personality is apparent not real. Any intelligent person can readily understand that a man who did not want to dig a ditch could accomplish his purpose beautifully, as well as keep his reputation for being a willing and capable worker, if he could act "as if" his right hand and his left hand were controlled by two mutually antagonistic centers in the brain. The schizophrenic is running away from reality and responsibility. When he divides his responsibility by the unconscious assumption of two souls in his body he reduces his total responsibility to nothing. The word schizoid, an adjective derived from schizophrenia, is used to describe the behavior of individuals whose tendency is toward irresponsible actions.

Another oft-misused psychological term is *conflict*. The idea of conflict, a favorite psychoanalytic fiction, is derived from the same demonological thinking so characteristic of the Freudians.

After Dr. Freud invented the libido, he invented the fiction of the *Censor*, its archenemy, set up by the social instincts to guard the individual from giving in to his primitive and unregenerate sex impulses. The *Oedipus complex*, misnamed because of the analogy to the story of Oedipus who unwittingly married his own mother and slew his father, only to die in disgrace because of his ignorant breaking of sexual taboos, is a beautiful example of a conflict. The spoiled and pampered child wants to possess his mother sexually, but does not dare to do so because he fears his father and society's disapproval. He hates the father for enjoying what he feels himself impotent to demand. He is therefore said to be involved in a conflict between the libido and the Censor.

Here again the conflict is in reality a "psychic set-up." The spoiled child prefers the warmth and comfort of his mother's pampering to the responsibility and risk of going into the world, fashioning a place for himself, and running the chance of being turned down by his best girl. The conflict which he watches impotently in his own soul is his alibi for not going forward.

Of all the misused psychological terms, the *nervous breakdown* covers the widest multitude of sins. While it is true that in certain organic diseases the nervous system does break down, due to toxins, degenerative changes, or severe infections, the term nervous breakdown is loosely used to cover all forms of neurotic or psychotic behavior in which the individual is no longer able to carry on his daily duties. The nervous breakdown usually occurs at a time when a neurotic individual can no longer make his neurosis pay dividends in protection from reality, and he must admit the bankruptcy of his entire style of life.

In one specific local form, even newspapermen have penetrated the meaning of the nerv-

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ous breakdown. In the investigation at present being conducted by Judge Seabury in New York City, numerous key witnesses who were called to testify in instances of graft and corruption suddenly became ill and had to be kept under the care of their physicians. Not all of these men were malingering. Some of the witnesses actually became ill, for as Alfred Adler, the Viennese psychiatrist, pointed out a quarter of a century ago, a man can say "No!" with his liver, his stomach, or his heart just as effectively as he can with his vocal organs. Newspapermen have coined the term "Seabury-sickness" to describe the local epidemic of nervous breakdowns in the hitherto healthy Tammany ranks. The term bids fair to become immortal. Most nervous breakdowns, when analyzed closely, are Seabury-sicknesses of one type or another.

The Inferiority Complex

Running the nervous breakdown a close second in popularity is the *inferiority complex*, brain child of the Adlerian psychology. Adler points out the fact that man's place in the cosmos is so insecure that every child, by virtue of his weakness, incoördination, and speechlessness, and also because of his unique ability to evaluate these shortcomings before he can remedy them, grows up with a feeling of inadequacy. If the actual situations of inadequacy are not compensated in some useful manner, the individual never gets rid of his inferiority feelings and is said to have an "inferiority complex." The genius on the one hand overcompensates for his inferiorities in a socially useful fashion, and the neurotic on the other hand seeks to establish a subjective sense of superiority.

The tricks whereby the superiority complex is slyly substituted for the feeling of inadequacy have been named *plus-gestures* by the author. Probably everyone employs plus-gestures at one time or another to bolster his self-esteem. One woman does it by buying an expensive new hat whenever she feels low in spirits, and one man does it by purchasing the biggest and longest automobile he can buy. Some salve their feelings of worthlessness with high heels, and others with high hats. But no matter what form a plus gesture takes, it is always a smoke screen to hide from the world the bad opinion that an individual suffering from an inferiority complex has of himself.

Adler was also responsible for introducing the rather confusing term *masculine protest* into psychological literature. This term refers to the variety of tricks whereby a woman, dissatisfied with belonging to the allegedly weaker sex, seeks to align herself with the male sex. In other words the masculine protest is no more than a sexual plus-gesture. Occasionally we find men who, by virtue of their abnormal environment in childhood, consider women more powerful than men and seek to align themselves with them in dress, action, interests, and the like. Adler uses the terms masculine protest to describe this type also, but the author in order to clarify the confusion has coined two new words to describe these very common forms of psychological behavior. The tendency of a woman to act, think, talk, and look like a man has been called *androtropism* — that is, a turning toward the male, while the tendency of homosexual men to imitate women in an unconscious burlesque of the feminine is called *gynetropism*, or a turning toward the female.

As the new sciences of psychiatry and psychology invade ever-widening fields of activity, it is obvious that much of the old terminology will have to change to fit our new attitudes and new understanding of the mental life. The author, sensing the inadequacy of former terminology, has ventured one other neologism to describe the true field of modern psychology. Psychology has come out of the woods, and has graduated from her rôle as a handmaiden of philosophy and a flunky of physiology. What the best modern psychologists are interested in is the relativity of all human behavior, and its relationships to all other disciples of human thought. To meet this broader meaning we have designated the new psychology as *syzygiology*, which might best be described and translated as the science of human hook-ups. Syzygiology bears the same relation to the old psychology that Einsteinian physics bear to the older concepts of Newton.

Next month — an article by Dr. Logan Clendening exploding the myth of the healthy cave man

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God Help the Farm Board!

by **JAY FRANKLIN**

God help the Farm Board when Congress quits playing ping-pong with party politics and settles down to the serious business of settling up with the Administration! As the economic blizzard rages, with prices dropping like the mercury in a Northeaster, with a chill blast of wage cuts and dividends passing like the third-floor back, with debts, deficits, and taxes piling up in drifts, assets being numbed in the vaults until the bankers are known as "God's frozen people," only a few observers know their way around the political weather bureau well enough to visualize the future. They see the Ship of State staggering along under storm skysails, trying to navigate with the winds of unemployment moaning through the rigging, and the crew working desperately at the pumps. And as those who remain ashore wonder whether the financial furnace will keep us warm through the winter of our discontent, they consider the bitter and thankless job of the political navigation of a big government in a big depression and they say to themselves: "Heaven help the Farm Board on a night like this!"

The Federal Farm Board, President Hoover's greatest single contribution to our business system, America's first big plunge into state Socialism, the $500,000,000 baby which was to put agriculture on an equality with American industry, is the most conspicuous orphan of the storm. For, sad as it is for the farmer, he has got his wish: agriculture is at last on a level of perfect equality with industry, now that both of them are flat on their backs. But the farmer, being what he is, is preparing to raise "less corn and more Hell," as in the nineties, and the first thing he intends to do is to kick the Farm Board which failed to save him from the calamities of low prices, foreclosed mortgages, and destitution. There is neither gratitude, sense, nor justice in the plan to lynch the Farm Board, but if the Board survives at all it will be because its enemies won't be able to decide among themselves on exactly how to make this agricultural Jonah walk the plank.

On June 15, 1929, President Hoover signed the Agricultural Marketing Act, which established the Farm Board, gave it half a billion dollars to play with, and told it to reduce speculation, improve distribution, promote cooperation, and prevent and control surpluses. Within a month the Board was organized under the chairmanship of Alexander Legge, who gave up a $100,000-a-year job with the International Harvester Company for the purpose, and by the end of October, 1929, the Board had organized the Farmers' National Grain Corporation with which to stabilize the price of wheat.

Then things began to happen. Wall Street took us all for a ride, prices began dropping, and we headed into the present mess. On the day that the President signed the Act, wheat was selling for $1.31 a bushel, cotton for 18.80 cents a pound, corn for $1.07 a bushel. On the day this is written the farmer is lucky if he gets a third of these prices. What does it matter to him that the Board has lost $200,000,000 of government money trying to hold up the price of wheat; that in November, 1930, the Board, by pegging the price at 73 cents a bushel, prevented a nation-wide crash; that the Board, as early as last May, had lost $50,000,000 trying to hold up the price of cotton, and that it has now arranged to carry 3,500,000 bales through to July?

What does it matter to the farmers that Alexander Legge was practically driven out of public life by their importunities and that every member of the Board is staking his

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career on the battle to save American agriculture? What does it matter to the farmer that there are 8,000,000 Americans out of work and that the masses of the East are being prodded to sullen resentment by the assumption that the farmer has first call on the National Treasury and is entitled to government subsidy before anyone else is attended to?

The Farmer's in the Well

All that is beside the point. The farmers feel sore (as do the rest of us). They are in a position to make their votes felt at Washington (as the rest of us, apparently, are not). And what they say about the Farm Board goes. What they have said is plenty. It is doubtful that any government agency has ever been attacked for so many and so contradictory reasons as the Farm Board. It was attacked for not buying wheat when prices began to drop. Five Farm Bloc Senators begged Chairman Legge as early as 1929 to use the revolving fund to keep the price above a dollar. Then the Board was attacked for possessing the wheat which it had bought. The existence of the mere 200,000,000 bushels which the farmers had unloaded on the Board depressed the market. Julius Barnes attacked the Board for favoring the coöperatives as against the private wheat operators on almost the same day that Senator Caraway attacked the Board for favoring the private speculators as against the coöperatives. The Chicago Board of Trade solemnly proposed repealing the Act and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce disapproved of using government money to help the coöperatives.

When the Board traded wheat for coffee with the Brazilian Government, the action was attacked by the farmers, the coffee dealers, and the American shipping men whose rates were too high to carry the goods economically. Proposals to sell wheat to China, France, and Germany, cotton to France and Germany, were all attacked. Senator Capper begged the Board to hold its wheat off the market until the price reached 90 cents a bushel, although it was costing the Board $4,000,000 a month to carry it, and then the Board was attacked for cutting down carrying charges by having some of its wheat turned into flour. The Board was attacked by the Communist International at Moscow, on the theory that it was holding wheat in order to provide rations for a great international war against the Soviet Union.

When, in spite of all pleas to hold down acreage, the Southern farmers produced this year a crop of nearly 15,700,000 bales of cotton, the mere report of which sent prices down $7.50 a bale, the Board lost patience and Chairman James C. Stone (who had replaced Legge in the difficult job of making the world safe for the farmer) advised them to plow under one-third of the crop. Then the South jibbered with rage and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania drafted legislation for the abolition of the Board, while the Southern states engaged in what came close to war in an endeavor to reduce the 1932 crop. The war culminated in the famous resolution of the Texas Senate that a statement made by Governor Huey P. Long of Louisiana "is a lie made out of the whole cloth, and its author is a consummate liar." And all the time the Board was holding two million bales off the market in an effort to keep up a price which dropped to nearly five cents a pound.

Everybody is against the Board: the conservatives who hate anything that looks like Socialism, the masses who fail to see why the farmer is the pet of the government, the farmers themselves who think that the Board is a snare and a delusion. What will be done with a noble experiment which has already tied up half a billion dollars of government money and which might easily cost half a billion more in the next pre-election year is uncertain. The Farm Board has a high scapegoat value.

The powerful Farm Bureau Federation is all out to force the Board to use the "equalization fee" — a complicated arrangement by which a crop is sold at a high price to Americans and a low price to foreigners. The equally powerful National Grange is working for the Expert Debenture Plan, another complicated arrangement by which the farmer shall be subsidized to export his products at a loss but shall be paid in certificates which are useful only for the purpose of paying import duties. This idea would work admirably, except that the government needs all the revenue it can get from imports and that foreign governments employ anti-dumping duties to offset precisely this type of bright idea.

Living Off the Land

At all events, it is obvious that the attempt to peg prices for the farmer with gov-

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ernment money is a washout and that something else must be tried if the farmers are to vote the right way in November, 1932. Otherwise, they are in a mood for the cotton belt to vote Republican and the corn belt Democratic, which would be very embarrassing. It is equally obvious that the Farm Board may be retained as a sort of agricultural scapegoat and scarecrow to handle the equalization fee or the export debenture or both. It is finally obvious that the American farmer is going to make a lot more trouble for politicians.

This is because there is no such thing as the American farmer. There are, it is true, 27,500,000 people living on farms, but that is altogether different. The whole problem is that farming is a way of keeping alive rather than a way of earning a living. People farm in different ways all over the country. In New England they farm with tourists, antiques, dairy cows, and hay. People grow wheat all through the East and South but nobody bothers about them or calls them wheat farmers. People grow vegetables in back yards or in small truck patches. People keep a cow in the upper pasture, a wood lot, grow some potatoes and buckwheat, oats, and barley. People hire themselves out to grow a crop of cotton on a share basis. Henry Ford orders his workmen to raise vegetables at home. Thomas D. Campbell has a 95,000 acre wheat factory in Montana and is financed by J. P. Morgan & Co. People keep pigs. Sometimes they feed them garbage and slaughter them for their own use; sometimes they feed them corn and sell them to the packers. They keep chickens and eat the eggs. All over the country, which is almost unnecessarily large and fertile, people are growing things, breeding animals, and living somehow or other.

That is the trouble. It is hopeless to try to put farming on what is known as an economic basis, which means specialized production and exchange. Only on the wheat-growing prairies, in the cotton belt, in the Florida and California fruit ranches, and in specialized dairy and vegetable enterprises, does economics play the main part in farming. Throughout the East farmers are feeding themselves and earning enough money from a diversified range of activity, which may include part-time factory or road work, to pay taxes, buy clothes and fuel, and a few extras which they can't raise themselves. On the whole, farming is the worst paid job in creation; its investment value is as low as our opinion of Soviet Russia. Also on the whole, it is one of the surest ways of keeping alive that exists. With our population increasing by 2,000,000 a year, the future demand is there, and the land is there, and it is possible to keep your family fed and clothed. There are self-respecting white farmers in the South who marry and raise a family on an "economic" income of $200 a year.

On the other hand, something is always happening to the farmer. Either, as in the war years, he has his own private stock market boom, gambles on the price of land and finds himself stuck with a lot of expensive and heavily mortgaged fields in a sea of falling prices and foreclosures, or the weather raises the very devil with his calculations. In 1927 the Mississippi River had itself a flood and wiped out farmers and farms for fifteen hundred miles. In 1930 there was a drought which burned the heart out of the corn belt and saw the spectacle of farmers starving in the nation's granary. In 1931 the grasshoppers blasted 55,000 square miles of North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Utah, and Colorado. Since the war the boll weevil has eaten its way north and devastated the cotton belt. The corn borer has been doing its bit to make life lively in the corn belt. The Mediterranean fruit fly got into Florida and blasted the fruit industry.

Again, the farmer is always at the mercy of his neighbors. If he produces a good crop, he is apt to find that so has everybody else. So it was that in 1928 48,000,000 hogs brought the farmers $140,000,000 less than the 40,000,000 hogs of 1926. And then there is always scientific farming to add to farm difficulties. In the eight years after the war, four million people left the farm and nineteen million acres went out of cultivation and yet farm production increased by a quarter.

The Farmer — Teacher's Pet

The result of all this is that the farmer has always been howling for help. From the earliest days of the Republic he howled, first for cheap lands, then for free lands, then for railroads, then for railroad regulation, then for "greenbacks," and, under Bryan, for "free silver" — anything and everything which would make his costs lower, his prices higher, and debts easier to pay. And we have been

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helping the farmer, earnestly and eagerly and especially before elections, with such trifles as the Federal Warehouse Act, the Federal Farm Loan Act, tariff protection, the Agricultural Credits Act. Coöperatives were relieved of the anti-trust law, credit was made available, and with millions of men out of work and bread lines in all our big cities the only money for human relief appropriated by the government went to the drought-stricken farmers.

We gave them the Farm Board to keep them happy and it hasn't worked. Nothing works and nothing will work. Even if our population multiplies so that our farmers can get famine prices for their products, they will still protest at our importing food, and if we then lay down an embargo on foreign food, they will object to people raising tomatoes in their back yards or doing anything except pay the farmer handsomely for his produce.

But the great day of the American farmer has passed. Europe is raising more wheat. Russia is raising wheat and cotton. Canada, Australia, and the Argentine are raising more wheat. The automobile has destroyed the market for hay and oats. The farmer, by demanding prohibition, has destroyed his own market for rye and barley. The country as a whole is heartily tired of a political system which takes the $500,000,000 appropriated to organize agriculture in an orderly fashion and forces the Farm Board to lose it gambling on the price of wheat and cotton, and which even then doesn't satisfy the farmers.

So it is that the Farm Board is about to have a big surprise. Unless the farmers consent to modify prohibition, the East will block any more appropriations to enable them to go on losing money in the style to which they have become accustomed. Unless Russia is blotted out or we can export grasshoppers to Canada, our world wheat market is gone. Our cotton supremacy is fading away. Prices have gone so low that the majority of our farm population is being forced out of economic production and is contenting itself with keeping alive. Big business will be only too glad to combine with the farmers to wipe out anything as Socialistic as a Board which uses government money to help private individuals do business efficiently. Unless the Board can make a noise like an equalization fee, which will cost the government nothing and compel Americans to pay high prices for food in order that foreigners can buy it for less than cost, the Board will find that its future will consist chiefly of trying to get rid of the 125,000,000 bushels of wheat and the 3,000,000 bales of cotton which nobody wants but which it bought to save the farmer from disaster.

And that will be a pity. For in the two years of its existence, the Farm Board has learned something about American farming and has taught the country something about American farmers. It has done and is doing very valuable work in promoting efficient and businesslike coöperatives. It has twice prevented a serious catastrophe — once in 1930 when banks were bursting like bubbles and the price of wheat hit the skids, and once in 1931, when the South dumped a huge cotton crop on a market that couldn't buy it. It converted what might have been a revolution into an orderly liquidation and deserves well of the Republic for keeping its head. But its greatest service is in giving us all a picture of the American farmer, as a being who grows crops, breeds animals, and raises political hell with monotonous regularity and who will not hesitate to destroy the very agency that saved his life.

Four Laws of Political Science

1. *The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.*
2. *Those whom the gods are about to destroy they first make mad.*
3. *When it gets dark enough you can see the stars.*
4. *The bee fertilizes the flower that it robs.*

—Charles A. Beard

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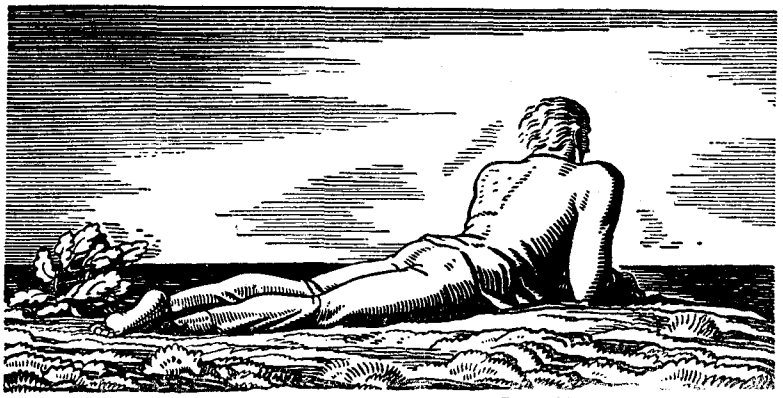
Artist Adventurer

The Saga of Rockwell Kent



From "Moby Dick" (Random House)

by LUCIUS BEEBE

A CLASSIC literary concept, the constant use of which from the time of Theocritus down to the most recent generation of collegiate novelists has made it a cliché, treats of life as a wine. A happier, or at least a more adroit, metaphor would describe the life of Rockwell Kent in terms of some less obvious beverage — a strong punch, perhaps, compounded on a generous scale of equal parts of art, adventure, and unclassified uproar and disturbance.

Distinguished for a variety of endeavor, the youngest American ever to have a painting purchased and hung by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, casual youthful collector of innumerable prizes, mentions, and scholarships, adventurer in the far, desolate places of the earth and portrayer of nature in her most magnificent and forbidding moods, sculptor, author, tub-thumping champion of American art, tosspot, Don Juan, quarrelsome participant in a score of controversies, the hero of a whooping and still crescent saga, Rockwell Kent is probably the most truly American artist of our times. He has almost invariably got what he wanted, and whatever compensations he has derived from the business of living have all been acquired strenuously and vitally, for to him nothing that can be had without effort is worth the having. He has made enemies with the same militant enthusiasm that he has made friends. He has had at stuffed shirts in high places for the sheer love of battle and the exchange of insults, and wherever he has imagined or heard of beauty he has sought it out and recorded it with a fidelity which has raised him to the first rank of contemporary pictorial artists.

He is the figure of heroic legends still current in the tea and batik shoppes of Greenwich Village and in the haunts of seafaring folk at the far ends of the earth, Desolation Bay and Famine Reach; and his paintings hang with those of the great masters of color and design of all time in the collections of Frick and Whitney and in other famous galleries. Commercialization has never caused him to avert his eyes in fastidious grief, much of his best work having been created for prearranged and substantial remuneration. There is no affectation of the æsthete about him, although he enjoys a number of amiable and amusing poses in other directions; his attitude toward creative endeavor, toward life in general, is cool, alive, and nicely balanced between realism and the romantic. Above all, he is unique and inimitably a manifestation and reflection of nothing and nobody but Rockwell Kent.

So far as public record is concerned there has never been very much doubt that predominantly Kent is an artist. But to those who know him and follow his progress, his perilous

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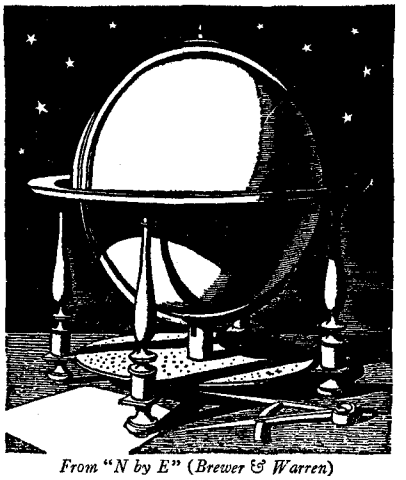
adventuring in restless and uncharted oceans, his indefatigable penchant for controversy, his insatiable appetite for causing a commotion, and the gusto with which he relishes oblique and amorous endeavor (as chronicled by Waldo Pierce in his saga of "Unser Kent and his Magic Flute") — to those who are aware of these and a hundred other aspects of a personality at once vivid, emphatic, boisterous, and quarrelsome, Kent must always be something of a synthesis of Casanova and authentic genius with overtones of the crusader and tavern knight.

A Stormy Petrel

Kent was born at Tarrytown Heights, New York, in 1882, and was educated in New York at the Horace Mann School and Columbia University, where, in the School of Architecture, his facile command of artistic media was at once recognized. His teachers, Robert Henri, Hayes Miller, and William M. Chase at the Chase School of Art, which he attended after leaving Columbia, were unanimous in forecasting for him a distinguished career. His first real success was achieved after a year's apprenticeship to Abbott Thayer, the famous artist, when he submitted two paintings of Mount Monadnock to the National Academy, where they were at once accepted and hung with the other outstanding pictures of the year. From that time forward his name has been established as one of the roll of significant American artists.



From "N by E" (Brewer & Warren)

The penchant that Kent has so frequently shown for controversy as a variant from adventure and creative work probably dates, he says, from his earliest years when he was, for a short time, a student at Cheshire Military Academy (now Roxbury School) at Cheshire, Connecticut. His uncle, who was an instructor at that institution, refused to award him a scholarship prize to which he was entitled for fear of being accused of favoring a relative. The sight of the cherished trophy going to another boy first aroused in the future artist the propensity for verbal nose-punching and slat-kicking which became so notable a characteristic in maturity.

Kent's first grievance to be aired in the public prints came in 1915 when he had settled down in the little town of Brigus, Newfoundland, in an old homestead he had purchased as a studio overlooking the ocean, and from which he was shortly evicted by British colonial authorities on the accusation of being a German spy. "My first offense," he said later, "was to be caught reading a German translation of Björnson, my second the writing in German of a letter to a friend in Wisconsin, and my third a public remark to the effect that I doubted if the English army would capture Berlin within a fortnight."

In any event, he was deported, bag and baggage, to the United States, where he was quick to charge the administration with failure to protect American nationals abroad. For a time the papers inclined a friendly ear to his complaints, but finally a letter from Secretary Lansing positively refusing to interfere on his behalf put an end to the case, and Kent retired, defeated but unsilenced, to the fastness of West New Brighton, Staten Island, which was then his home.

Three years after this, Kent embarked on his first important voyage of adventure and discovery. He cut himself loose from New York and the Village, journeyed to the Alaskan mainland with only his young son for company, and finally selected as a winter abode a desolate location on a dreary waste called Fox Island. There the artist and his son spent the winter months far from cities and civilization, in search of material for his first book as well as for records in oils and pigments. Of that winter Kent told in his story, *Wilderness, the Journal of a Quiet Adventure*, and during it he discovered the compelling attraction which nature in her most rugged and untamed aspects exercised upon him. The success of the book itself and the attention which his illustrations attracted from the world of artists, combined, upon his return, to convert Kent to the life and lure of outland places and the far uninhabited reaches of the earth.

Convinced by his experiences in the frozen

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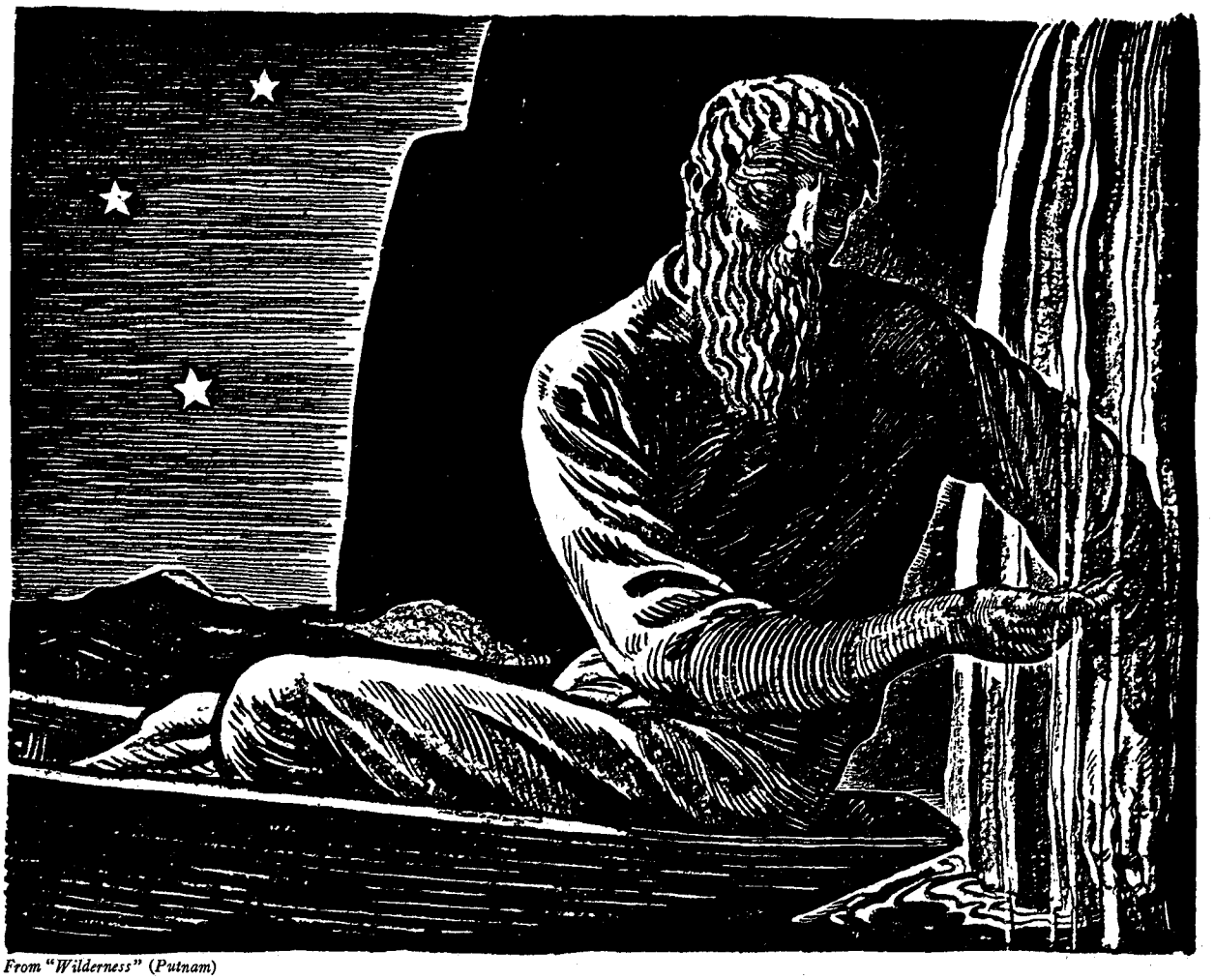

From "Wilderness" (Putnam)

fastnesses of the northland that his best work was inspired by circumstances in no way to be encountered save far from the beaten tracks of life and mankind, Kent a couple of years after his winter at Resurrection Bay set out in search of adventure at the other extreme of the world. Shipping as a freight clerk aboard a tramp steamer as far as Chile, at the Sailor's Graveyard of Punta Arenas he bought a derelict lifeboat from the wreck of the steamer *Beacon Grange* for twenty dollars, and with the aid of a wild and reckless Swede adventurer named Ole Ytterock set about putting the craft in condition for a voyage over the most perilous of known oceans, around Cape Horn.

For two dim, gelid months of the Magellan winter Kent and Ole lived aboard an abandoned hulk in the harbor of Punta Arenas while they prepared their sloop for an enterprise which, to even the most experienced sailors of those parts, savored of nothing so much as sheer lunacy. In the end they surprized everyone by nearly reaching their goal and returning alive to tell of their adventures. They got as far as Admiralty Sound in their five-ton sailing vessel before they were forced by terrific Antarctic storms to abandon the project of completing the passage around the Horn by water. They discovered an unknown overland pass through the mountain wastes of Tierra del Fuego and set out for the southern shore, a trip never before undertaken and believed impossible. On their journey they were aided by an assortment of characters which included sailors, soldiers, cannibals, brawlers, poachers, missionaries, two murderers and other fugitives from justice, a minister's son, and a Holy-Jumper, and reached their goal in the last stages of exhaustion.

"Twilight descended just as we reached the broad plain westward of Ushuaia," said Kent later in describing their arrival. "The mate was spent.

"'Let's rest a bit,' he said, as we reached the outskirts of the town, 'because we've got to blow in in style.'

"In a few minutes we could stand it. With

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From "Wilderness" (Putnam)

heads thrown back and swinging our arms to the marching tune of 'John Brown's Body,' we tramped in.

"The dogs announced our coming, folk came to their doors to stare.

"'Where are you from?' asked a fellow.

"'Admiralty Sound.'

"'Wow! Where are you going?'

"'Cape Horn!'"

And the natives were fairly flabbergasted by the hardiness of the two rovers on their way to the last ultimate tip of the world, still a hundred weary miles away.

In Greenland's Icy Mountains

The paintings brought back from the savage seas and bays, the gauntly desolate mountain ranges of Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan, were put on sale at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York, where they were snapped up almost at once by private collectors and buyers for museums and other galleries. Kent became an enormous success and the price of his earlier canvases soared, while the narrative of the Cape Horn adventure in book form, under the title *Voyaging*, aided in conferring upon the artist a cachet of smartness as a litterateur.

It was after the success of his South American pictures and *Voyaging* that Kent purchased his farm at Ausable Forks, near Plattsburg, New York, for his permanent home — or at least as nearly permanent an establishment as can be the headquarters of a man who, at the drop of a hat, dashes off to far quarters of the earth for a year or two. As have been his other abodes, his boats, and most of the material factors in his scheme of living, this is largely the work of his own hands. There are two hundred acres of farmland, a stable filled with cows and horses, and a handsome studio-residence the principal rooms of which face northward across the Adirondacks, verdant and green in summer, bleak, grim, and snow-smeared during the winter months.

The main living room of the structure is entirely Kentian in character, an accurate architectural and decorative gauge of his tastes

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From "Voyaging" (Putnam)

and predilections as adventurer-artist. The ceiling is low studded, supported by oaken rafters, and the walls have broad window expanses. The great stone fireplace at one end is protected by a fire screen of black with gold stars scattered over its surface. Wedgewood bowls of fruit and flowers decorate the long oaken table at one side, and the walls are completely papered with survey maps of the far places of the earth familiar to the artist himself — South America, Alaska, Greenland, Newfoundland, almost all of *terra cognita* and some that verges on the unexplored.

Tall, built-in bookshelves contain volumes on every imaginable subject. A predominant number are devoted to travel, adventure, and exploration. There are Cook's *Voyages*, *The Saga of Burnt Njal*, Sydney's *Arcadia*, *The Cruise of the Antarctic*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, the Sacco-Vanzetti letters, novels by Carl Van Vechten, poems by Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson and Masefield. A pair of globes, terrestrial and celestial, a telescope, murder mysteries of the moment, odd proofs of woodcuts and lithographs, periodicals and souvenirs are scattered about the room, evidences of a lively and imaginative existence rather than meticulous neatness.

Here it is that Kent has lived of recent years, prepared the illustrations for the handsome edition of *Moby Dick* which appeared a season or so since, and rewrote *N by E* after his Greenland trip in 1929. This latter excursion began as a transoceanic voyage with two young companions in a small sailing boat, and involved a narrow escape from death when their sloop was broken up on the jagged rocks in a small fjord located about forty miles from Godthaab, the southern capital of Greenland. Kent acted as chief cook and navigator on the trip until a heavy tide dragged the ship, despite two anchors, onto the rocks one midnight in a "smothering calm." Before morning she had sunk. By swimming and wading the voyagers managed to save a few supplies and personal effects, and camp for the two youths was established on a rocky ledge overlooking the sea, while Kent walked forty miles before obtaining assistance. The boys returned by steamship, but Kent remained two months in Greenland, painting in the land of Eskimos and Dutch colonists "where good Scotch whisky sells for eighty cents a bottle and where natives are as hospitable as Americans would be if there were no such thing as prohibition." The resulting book, *N by E*, became a best seller before publication.

It is at Ausable Forks that Kent has conducted a number of his major controversies, controversies which have found him, with outraged and outrageous tumult and shouting, arrayed against traction and steamship companies, artists, advertisers, customs services, and commonwealths. The most recent of his major engagements — the legal encounter in which he found himself defying with triple threats and blasphemy the embattled forces of the Delaware and Hudson Railway, the Public Service Commission, and the regiments of costly legal talent retained by both, and the first round of which he won hands down and handsome — is still fresh in the public mind. The overlords of trains and trackage in the Delaware and Hudson offices decided last year that because of insufficient patronage they would abandon passenger service on the branch of their line running from Plattsburg to Ausable Forks, but they figured without their occasional but very determined commuter, Rockwell Kent. Hiring his own lawyer and appearing personally at hearings, Kent demonstrated that the railway had abandoned the service

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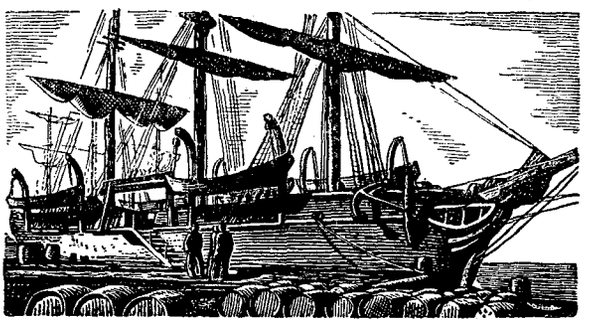
without first obtaining the consent of the Public Service Commission. He attacked the railroad magnates for their sins, collectively, individually, categorically, and as a group. He stamped his feet and flashed his eyes and cruelly frightened everyone concerned by the attention he attracted in the public prints.

The case was dismissed by the chief engineer of the Public Service Commission, who said Kent had not proved the need of the service in that territory, and Kent with impenitent howls and loud derision printed and distributed broadsides full of wrath and grievances. He kept up a shouting in the wilderness of Essex County until the hearing was reopened, and after a year of agitating the train service was restored. "To my knowledge," he declared later, "Al Capone, Peggy Joyce, Mahatma Gandhi, and Bernard Shaw all rode on the line in one day, and a very happy party they were, too. On another occasion the conductor told me he had taken the names of Trotsky, Aimeé McPherson, Garibaldi, Lydia Pinkham, Senator Heflin, and Romain Roland. . . . It would be intolerable to deprive these eminent persons of railroad transport and might precipitate an ugly international situation."

Alas, however, only last summer, with Kent safely out of the way in the unexplored wastes of Greenland, the train service was finally and very probably irrevocably terminated, for at present the artist is again lost in the northernmost penetrable reaches of that northern land, where he will remain another year, his only communication with the outer world being through the agency of wireless with which he is in touch with the tiny township of Uminak. There he is preparing a new volume of travel, exploration, and a pictorial record.



From "Moby Dick" (Random House)

One Against the World

The railroad epic was, of course, but one of a long series of glorified nose-pokings in which Kent has participated, armed only, in the majority of cases, with a native audacity and a prodigious taste for vocal violence. There was the case, mentioned above, when with howls and roars enough to make the judicious grieve he was tossed out of wartime Newfoundland; the episode of the attachment of an entire ocean liner belonging to the Fabre Steamship Company in a suit originating when his fourteen-year-old son was landed at the wrong port of call, "giving him a fear of travel, a trans-Atlantic steamer complex, and making it impossible for him to voyage alone in the future;" the withdrawal of an exhibit of paintings from the Worcester Art Museum as a penalty imposed on the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti; the set-to and bandying of dubious compliments with Chapin Marcus, the jeweler, over the award of the Harvard-Bok advertising prize a few years since; the assault upon the customs service for enforcing a duty on his own paintings executed at Tierra del Fuego and listed as "articles of foreign manufacture"; the bloody war upon the "stuffed shirts" of the National Academy of Design and the subsequent establishment of a society known as "Against" to combat the stand-patters and old fogies of the world of canvas and palette knives.

Kent was particularly outraged by the condemnation of Sacco and Vanzetti, and while he forewent the exhibitionistic gestures which brought the gendarmerie down upon Gardiner Jackson and Edna St. Vincent Millay, he could not refrain from letting the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and Governor Fuller have a piece of his opinionated mind.

"It is with regret," he wrote the Worcester Museum, "that I inform you that because of the killing of Sacco and Vanzetti by the State of Massachusetts I have determined to have no relations of any public nature with that State or any community or organization of it. I am compelled to take this action by my abhorrence of such murder and the conclusion that the citizens of the State must be held responsible for it. And while I feel the stubborn disregard of America's interests and humanity's demands which has marked the State's procedure and made its act so singularly brutal to be derived from its cultured arrogance, while therefore

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I believe my retaliation to be at least feebly consistent with the State's offense and of a nature which if generally undertaken and persisted in might chasten it, I can unfortunately attach no public importance to my resolution: it is merely necessary to my own integrity."

It may be noted that despite the apparent modesty of the concluding portion of this pronouncement, and despite also the fact that he complacently denies subscribing to press cutting bureaus, Kent is seldom an edition behind the accounts of his various controversies and voyagings, which he absorbs with gusto if favorable or upon which he jumps up and down with roars of rage if otherwise.

The above constitutes merely a catalogue of the more emphatic slat-kickings and nose-pastings through whose agency Kent has managed to explode himself over the front pages of the papers and the consciousness of the public, and of them all the organization of "Against" was perhaps the most symbolic, for unless he is breathing slaughter and destruction against somebody or something he is not at his happiest. The more epic the engagement, the louder the screams and yells of outraged piety and virtue emanating from his victims, the better he is satisfied.

The personality of Kent at its best should not be viewed among the morning coats and linen spatterdashes of pre-view days or in the midst of admiring throngs of women at literary teas in the drawing rooms of fashion. His most characteristic gestures of dramatization of his own peculiar genius are achieved in the secluded fastness of his Adirondack home, where the gaunt winter mountains furnish the theme and setting for numerous of his paintings, where timber wolves may still be heard of a frozen midnight and where the good Canadian whisky flows over the boundary in unrepressed oceans.

At Ausable, Kent, his family, and whatever house guests may be in residence lead an existence that is not without its suggestions of the Spartan. At five o'clock in the morning everyone is up and breakfast is half an hour later. This is the first rule and no infraction of it is tolerated. Those who would oversleep find that a phonograph with a loud record in action outside their door is a potent spur to activity. This holy rage for early hours is of uncertain origin, but it is generally and blasphemously ascribed to the artist's desire to show the head farmer on his estate that the muse is no less virile than Agricola. As a result there is sometimes a good deal of daylight sleeping around the premises.

Kent himself, usually attired in tweeds and a sweater or riding costume, his mobile face with its short mustache beaming under his high bald forehead with a matutinal vigor which guests sometimes find positively repellent, is often up and at work in the studio even earlier than this, especially in summer when the light comes sooner. He works the better part of the day by himself, leaving guests to amuse themselves with his books or a gallon jug of the applejack which is invariably on tap in heroic quantities. Later, with a heavy blue stocking cap pulled over his ears if it is cold, Kent goes riding or throws a medicine ball or plays animated wrestling games with his police dog. He is always offensively strong and healthy.

Always a good talker, a raconteur of Rabelaisian anecdotes of enterprises amorous, alcoholic, and Bohemian, an outdoor man, a man's man, a tweeds-and-pipe man, Kent is most at home in an atmosphere where a lapse into the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables will not precipitate a universal raising of eyebrows. Like the eminent pharmacologist in *Arrowsmith*, he believes that "only fools make speeches, wise men sing songs," and late in the evening he sings a number that have to do with nautical men named William and ladies of less than facile virtue. Although an avowed vegetarian, he can frequently be found, after a dinner of herbs and breakfast foods and other fodder which it is doubtful that God ever created for human consumption, sneaking a slice of rare beef from the ice box. Prohibition as a factual manifestation has never yet dawned on his consciousness.

The saga of Kent the prober of hidden mysteries, the pioneer in lands unknown, has been preserved for posterity by Waldo Pierce (who knows not of Jumper Pierce of the black beard who once swam from Ambrose Light to the Battery when he decided he didn't want to go to Europe at all?) in the ballad of "Unser Kent," which commences as follows:

> Who strides so far through the winds and snows
> With his mountain face and suburban clothes,
> While the human race doth kneel in salute?
> 'Tis Unser Kent and his magic flute.

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Big Business Begs for Socialism

by **WILLIS J. BALLINGER**

Can it be that in the turmoil of this depression, capitalism is quietly vanishing under the leadership of its guardian, the bourgeoisie? Is it possible that this is not a depression at all but the end of a journey — a kind of gap between an old order and a new one? Would it not be an instance of poetic irony if our hard-headed business men, who think they are patching up our capitalistic system, were actually pushing it aside and setting up a wholly new system?

And the thing they are proposing to set up — is it Socialism? Certainly no one of them would admit it. Karl Marx believed capitalism would end in a vast catastrophy, in which the bourgeoisie would practically abdicate and the Socialistic legions would march in and take possession. Can it be that it is these same hard-headed business men, damned for decades by the Socialists, who are actually, without so much as suspecting it, laying the first foundations of the Socialist state in America?

At bottom the depression is the work of destructive and unmanageable competition. But competition is not the end and the primary aim of our present system. Its fundamental principle is individualism. Competition is merely a technique, a form of activity in which individualism can function with the best economic results. This at least is the supposition. Now it is our individualism, running wild, which has produced the mad and undisciplined competition which has brought about the economic debacle.

Many explanations are offered. The President insists it all began in Europe with the breakdown of the economic machine there. Some of his department diagnosticians think it is the result of a vast timidity in demand. According to this simple explanation, unreasoning fear has buyers and spenders by the throat, while business famishes for want of customers. Still others lay the trouble to gold. And recently a noted economist isolated the depression microbe and pronounced it to be a shortage of credit. All of these maladjustments have got mixed up with the depression, to be sure. But for anyone who wishes to look at the picture in panorama, instead of from sharp angles, it is only too obvious that behind all the proximate causes lies the elementary and original cause: the inability of a world or a nation made up of unorganized individuals proceeding upon a philosophy of individualism to manage competition.

Countless individuals, operating utterly without organization or without any effort whatever to relate their activities to the activities of others, have simply flooded the world with goods, while on the distributive side, an unorganized individualistic distributing system has found itself unable to hand these goods around. We have plenty of individualism and no end of competition, but immense disorder.

Now what do our capitalistic diagnosticians and leaders propose to do about this? Do they propose to preserve this competition, to consolidate it and make it more vigorous? Mr. Gerard Swope suggests a powerful trade association in the electrical field which will ostensibly manage employment, but in reality will curb and even very largely end competition by regulating production, and do so many other things that Mr. Swope recognizes the necessity of having the government take a kind of supervisory part in it. The sugar people propose to enter into an international trade agreement, fixing production, trade areas, prices, surpluses,

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and whatnot. The copper trade seeks to bring the whole world together into a vast trade agreement which will lay out areas of trading, arranging output, and establishing prices. The oil trade, the coffee business, the rubber industry — all, even our hardiest and most confirmed individualists and inheritors of the old school of competition, demand that producers get together to curb, and better still, absolutely end competition.

What prevents this? Our famous old Sherman Anti-Trust Law. What is to be done about it? Repeal our famous old Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Suppose we do repeal it — what will be the result? Trades, industries will promptly get together to make trade agreements covering every phase of competition, production, price, territory. When this arrives we will already have delivered a knockout blow to competition and will have actually gone so far in the direction of Socialism that there can be no turning back. With competition out of the way, business will then be defenseless against an inevitable policy of uncompromising and minute regulation by the government. There is certain to be spun about business a regulation so extensive that the direction of business will assuredly pass from the hands of individuals over to government boards. And when that has been accomplished, business will be as completely Socialistic as if the government took the idle step of vesting title to it in itself.

Stimulating Competition

Of course, those who propose to abolish competition do not foresee any such fate for business. Matthew Woll, for instance, declares that the rôle of the state in the new competitionless order will be merely that of a supervisor. As he sees it, business will dispatch competition, put its house in order, while some governmental agency like the Federal Trade Commission will merely sit on the side lines and umpire the proceedings. But how long will it be before the umpire gets mixed up in the play and begins to captain the game? Woll would let the government supervise every act of business and particularly the very far-reaching one of fixing prices. Now, can the government possibly referee price-fixing without ultimately determining what price is to be set? And in arbitrating prices, can the government avoid extending its dominion into every nook and cranny and corner of business?

The railroads, point out many, offer an excellent example of the economic dangers of government supervision. No one now would advocate withdrawal of railroad regulation. Nevertheless, the candid student must confess that when the government regulates freight rates and passenger rates and does not go further and regulate wages and rates of interest and the costs of those things which the railroad must purchase, and a whole host of other activities which enter into competition with the railroads, such as bus fares and truck prices, coal prices and gasoline prices — then the regulatory power of government becomes an intolerable and deadening burden to the railroads, with the result that now a great many serious-minded railroad men are rapidly arriving at the conclusion that the only course open to some roads, at least, is to ask the government to take them over completely.

Mr. Julius Barnes, however, sitting in the highest hierarchy of big business, would get around the dictatorial possibilities of government supervision by abolishing competition and letting business run its own affairs without any surveillance by the state. In this way, business can get rid of the ruin of competition without exposing itself to ruinous regulation by the government. This program for expelling competition is tremendously popular with business, but in considering it a few fundamental truths must be looked at.

Business men continually talk about freeing business from regulation. First, business men do not favor this. No business man favors it. What they mean is that it should be freed from government regulation. But they believe at the same time that it should be permitted to regulate itself. Now there is very little regulation of the building industry in the city of New York. There are a building code and certain required inspections, but there are practically no laws regulating the relations of men in the building industry with one another, affecting prices, production, or anything else. Yet some years ago an investigation in New York State revealed that this industry was subject to the most extensive and intensive and minute and tyrannous regulation through the various trade associations voluntarily organized within the industry. It was so complete and so utterly shackled the industry that

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it had almost completely ceased to function. Now all this regulation was not imposed by the government, but by the act of the industry itself.

Secondly, business men continually talk about the necessity of self-rule in business. Now if the plumbers, for instance, get together to rule themselves, we will have self-rule of the plumbers for the plumbers. But they will also be ruling a lot of other people — workers, consumers, and distributors, who will have no voice in the self-rule. A great many business leaders recognize that when a whole trade unites to rule itself, it takes on the character of a monopoly, for it makes no difference whether competition is eliminated by uniting rivals in a corporation or in an association, the result is monopoly, as it was under the old guilds. And when you have monopoly in any form, you will never succeed in persuading the people to submit to it without having a voice in the matter. And yet, when you take the government in on the deal, there is no recourse left for the government but to take command of the situation.

There is no way that business can muzzle competition without the state ultimately muzzling business. This is the more obvious when we realize that competition was forged to deliver business from the state. Capitalism, struggling to be born, had to fight its way through three competitionless orders in each of which laws coiled so tightly about business that disintegration was inevitable. Any intelligent radical knows that competition was set up deliberately to block the state from assuming command over industry. If men are to produce as a group and divide as a group, they must act as a group, not as individuals. Competition was created to enable the individual to escape from the group and to defeat the intolerable domination of trade by the state which was the accepted order for so many centuries before the coming of Adam Smith. And so the Socialist has for years tried to argue business out of competition, knowing full well that when that barrier had fallen, there was nothing in the way of the state recapturing business.

The amazing thing about all the present agitation for the extinction of competition is that it is being urged not by the disciples of Karl Marx, but by his most intrepid and inveterate enemies — the bourgeois merchant and factory-owning class.

It is because little business men and uninformed bigger business men do not realize the fate that lurks for them in a competitionless order that they demand a retreat from the Sherman Law. It is because they do understand it fully that very big business men like James Farrell of the Steel Corporation say very emphatically that they oppose the abandonment of the Sherman Law.

Making Individualism Work

With this in mind, what can be done about the present situation? Is it possible to check the impending abandonment of capitalism by the bourgeoisie? I can see only one way, and that is to make individualism work. To do that, we must revolutionize our thinking about the institution. Its present decay is the direct consequence of our philosophy about it. Change our thinking about individualism, and it may work. For nearly a century in the United States we have watched individualism growing more and more unruly and disastrous, while we have clung to an absurd conception about it which made its utter collapse only a matter of time. We have believed that all we had to do about individualism was to force business men to compete, and jail or fine them when they didn't. Individualism was supposed to run by itself. And if it broke down, the cure was equally simple: all we had to do was to wait for the situation to cure itself.

You see, competition began in little local markets. Here supply and demand were known and measurable quantities. Producers knew one another; they knew their customers. Then came the railroad, and suddenly producers found themselves plunged into a national market in which they knew neither their customers nor their rivals, and individualism operating through competition grew blind and ruinous. The facts about demand and supply were now missing and widely scattered. This far-flung change may be better understood by comparing it with the rise of the cannon. In the bow and arrow stage of shooting, the target was before the shooter's eyes. Calculation could be made on the spot. When the cannon appeared, a new technique became necessary. The target was now reachable only by calculative devices and the assembling of

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many unseen facts. So when the national and then the international market appeared in economic development, the productive target disappeared in the far distance. It could be located only by gathering all the facts about producers and consumers, now widely separated, and developing a calculative technique for avoiding an overshooting of the mark.

Why have we failed to equip individualism with facts and a calculative technique, so that it could make a success of competition? First of all, our development of a calculative technique has been slow. And to-day it remains to be seen whether it is adequate. In the second place, the government, with all of its rich resources for assembling the widely separated facts about business operations spread over national and international markets, has been under the spell of the philosophy that the sole rôle of the state was to exact competition. The best fact-finding agency we have has thus been paralyzed for years. Thirdly, business has developed a fatal fondness for secrecy. In the past this has been natural. Unless all business made a general surrender of facts about its operations, no business by itself could afford to. It would only be disarming for the benefit of the armed. To-day business must either be willing to surrender every fact about business operation or individualism will be doomed and arbitrary control by the state inevitable. There is no other choice.

Finally, there are so many business men who do not perceive that modern business is a navigatory science and that if they want to reach the port of profit they must steer their course with scientific instruments and data. There are so many business men who think that business is only a matter of common sense and an early-to-bed-early-to-rise aggressiveness. A few years ago the Hoover committee of engineers touring industry were aghast at the crude implements relied upon by business men to control the long-range production of this era.

Now is all this theory? On the contrary, there is considerable evidence that individualism can be made workable. The Department of Commerce, for instance, is teaching our manufacturers how to locate their markets. Many a firm has prided itself on going "national," whereas if it had only stayed local it would still be going. So much of the destructiveness of individualism, experts say, is due to businesses operating in unnatural markets, and this situation has existed because of a failure of many manufacturers to pay any attention to market analysis.

Think of what the Department accomplished in Louisville, Kentucky. In 1929, Louisville grocers were foundering about in competitive ruin. A survey was made of the situation. Grocers were then taught how to play the game of competition, and with amazing results. They were taught what to buy, where to buy, where to sell. And in 1930 — a slump year — competitive failures had fallen off 80 per cent!

Witness how the Cotton Textile Institute made competition intelligent. The cotton cloth industry is one of the first to be rescued from the very prevalent malady of overproduction. And the rescue work was performed by the Cotton Textile Institute, which inaugurated in this competitively stricken industry a relentless campaign for assembling data and pounded home to cloth makers the necessity of being guided by a scientific interpretation of it.

And if there is any bright side to the present depression, it is the story of the numerous firms that have made our two years' slump an opportunity for record-breaking sales. Many businesses that have taken advantage of business science have had no interruption to their profits. Now I do not say that individualism is certain to work. But if it is ever going to succeed we must stop thinking that it will run by itself. We must start at once to gather millions of facts which are at present missing about supply and demand. Business must put all of its cards voluntarily on the table. We must seek security in organized commercial research and in a repeal of all laws that block the free flow of information. We must throw about business a statistical and factual illumination that will safeguard the traffic of trade from blind collision. Then, and only on such terms, will computation have a chance to work effectively.

And this reconstruction of competition will have to be rushed. Otherwise our suffering bourgeoisie is likely to end the present order.

In an early issue, "Young Men and Politics," by Governor Wilbur Cross of Connecticut

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Mr. Fenning

by **FRANCES WARFIELD**

I

BECAUSE the sight of fresh vegetables reminded him pleasantly of his boyhood, Mr. Fenning paused occasionally in his walk along Sixth Avenue to inspect the market displays set out on the sidewalk. How clean they were. Not a trace of clinging earth. No wonder New Yorkers had such queer ideas about how things grew. Miss Ellis once told him she'd always thought carrots grew on vines. Thinking of squash, perhaps, or more likely just having him on, as usual. . . .

Drawings by Dorothy McKay

He frowned at the thought of Miss Ellis, with her flat heels and big, meaty, white arms. He'd hated her ever since he first laid eyes on her, two years ago. Galumping into the office and setting herself up as an editor, cajoling Pfeiffer into adding all those new departments to the Back-of-the-Book. Not a minute's peace since she came. . . . Pretty good cantaloupes, there, two for a quarter. Not a bit better, though, than some he'd passed farther back, marked ten cents. A woman ought always to pay cash and shop around for the best prices — save five cents here and five there — mount up in a few months' time. An idea. It stirred and grew in Mr. Fenning's mind, filling it so full that when a white-coated clerk thrust a package into his arms with a brisk, "There you are, sir; thank *you!*" he accepted it mechanically and walked on.

He had almost reached his hotel before he noticed that he was carrying anything. He stared at the parcel in dismay. It was quite heavy. Meat of some kind; a mistake, of course. He had bought nothing. Somebody was back in the shop right now, the rightful owner, raising the roof, probably, demanding his meat. Must be a roast. Veal? Pork? He tore the paper at one end and with a shock felt himself grasping cold bone. It was a leg of lamb. As he stood cradling it awkwardly, two women passed, nudging each other to look. His ears turned scarlet. He must return it, he supposed, but where? He had passed more than a dozen markets — he had no memory of receiving the package. Go from market to market, waving the leg, inquiring, "Have you lost some lamb here?" Markets full of nudging women, grinning clerks. Why didn't they look what they were doing with their fool meat? Nervously he pulled the paper around the exposed shank; people were staring at him. His face pink with misery, his glasses steamy in the mid-August sun, Mr. Fenning fumbled with the wretched thing and finally thrust it, half unwrapped, inside his coat. A policeman was swinging down the street. Think he'd stolen it, sure. Panting and perspiring, Mr. Fenning covered the remaining half block to his hotel.

"Package here for you, Mr. Fenning," said the clerk, handing him his key. "I'll send the boy up with it though; see you've got all you can manage." He glanced at Mr. Fenning's distended coat and grinned comprehendingly. "Little nip of something now and then's relished by the best of men. Eh?" Mr. Fenning

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smiled feebly and fled to the elevator. Reaching his room, he bolted the door and flung the tattered bundle on the unmade bed. He sank into the armchair and, taking off his glasses, mopped his face. He was exhausted.

The elevator boy's knock roused him. "Package, sir." Hastily pulling the sheet over the bed, Mr. Fenning opened the door. It was the advertisers' samples, sent from the office. Mr. Fenning ran several departments in the *Household Companion*, a pulp-paper weekly. "Our Bird Neighbors" and "Chats with Uncle Bud" were his. So was "Aunt Addie's Corner" —"*Let Aunt Addie solve your housekeeping worries. Do not hesitate to write to her. Remember, dear readers, Aunt Addie is here to help YOU.*" In addition, Mr. Fenning wrote a column called "Findings," giving sprightly, anonymous puffs to new foods, preparations, and household gadgets recognizably advertised elsewhere in the magazine. The advertisers furnished him with free samples to write about.

"Just set it down anywhere," Mr. Fenning said.

The elevator boy lingered expectantly, glancing around. He had heard the desk clerk's remark.

"Want anything, sir — ginger ale or anything?"

"No, no. Nothing at all." Mr. Fenning gave the boy a dime and bolted the door behind him. Then he turned back the sheet and regarded the leg of lamb with distaste. He had never in his life been so close to a piece of raw meat. Looked indecent, lying there on the rumpled bed; his impulse was to cover it up again. He scowled at it. What could a bachelor in a hotel — a hotel without a restaurant, even — do with a leg of lamb? Any woman with a kitchen would be only too glad to have it. But Mr. Fenning knew no women, except Miss Ellis.

Suddenly he realized what it was about the thing. It reminded him of Miss Ellis. She had small hands and tiny wrists. He had often noticed how suddenly her heavy arms spread away from her wrists. Her ankles were the same way. He gazed at the lamb, fascinated. Couldn't he get away from that woman? He was doing all his work at home now, because he couldn't stand it with her clumping around the office. He got rattled just listening to her talk. "Well; here's Aunt Addie! Prompt as pay day." Or some crack like that.

II

MARTHA ELLIS. Matt, they called her. A good name. She was more like a man. Talked like a man — right out. "Hello, Fenning, told the Aunt Addies what every married woman ought to know? Or don't you know yourself?"

Yes, the leg of lamb reminded him of her. Mr. Fenning reached a tentative hand toward the meat and withdrew it quickly. The refrigerator chill was still on it. What if she could see him sitting on the bed with a raw leg of lamb? How she would laugh. He particularly hated her laugh — loud and hearty. With sudden determination he seized the thing by the bone. He was sick of thinking about it. Sick of the sight of it, too. He opened an empty bureau drawer and thrust the meat inside, kicking the drawer shut with his foot. There. Relief poured over him. That was the way to deal with that. He went to the washstand and scrubbed his hands vigorously, looking at himself rather cockily in the mirror. It was as if his privacy, his very bachelorhood, had been threatened. Now he was a free man again.

Stepping lightly, Mr. Fenning set about putting the room to rights. He didn't allow the chambermaid to do it. He had arranged with

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the hotel clerk to have her come in only once a week, when thorough cleaning was necessary. It was a small, cheap hotel, used to underpaid writers and their eccentricities; Mr. Fenning had lived there for years. He supposed the clerks thought it was stinginess — well, he didn't care what they thought. The idea that a chambermaid should have a pass-key to his door and could peer in at any time, even before he was up, outraged him. He had had a bolt put on and used it always.

He made the bed efficiently, and emptied the ash tray. Then he sat down at the table, where the week's pile of "Dear Aunt Addie" letters lay unopened. He uncovered the typewriter, lit a cigarette, and leaned back, composing himself to write. He began:

Dear Readers:

Don't you sometimes get sick and tired of your families? Don't gasp. Isn't it true? Wouldn't you love to go off just once and have some fun — doing what *you* feel like for a change? Oh, you don't have to be ashamed of these thoughts! All we women have them.

Well, here's my idea. You *can* have some fun. I want each one of you to make up her mind that a year from now she'll go off, either alone or with one or two other women friends, and have the kind of vacation she's been longing for.

Where's the money coming from? Listen to Aunt Addie. How often do you shop around from store to store, seeing where you can get things cheapest? We all do it. Heaven knows, I've been pinching pennies long enough myself. Well, I want each of you to get a special purse, called the Fun Purse, and keep it in her bag. Then when you see cantaloupes, for instance, marked two for a quarter and go on till you find them selling for ten cents apiece, call that *your* nickel you've saved. Put it in the Fun Purse. Every cent you can save this way, add it to the Fun Fund. And watch it grow!

Now won't you all start Fun Purses right away? And then write in and tell the rest of us. . . .

Mr. Fenning tapped on, oblivious to the gathering afternoon heat. He ripped the sheet from the typewriter, revised it with a pencil, and rewrote it entirely. He was a fussy writer, and he was rather proud of this piece. Best idea he'd had in months. Lucky he'd happened to notice those cantaloupes. Might even be extended later into a separate department. The Fun Club. Ellis would never hear of it, though — she wanted no ideas but her own — trying to run the whole shebang. Ellis, Ellis, *Ellis!* Couldn't he stop thinking about her for a minute?

He got up and opened the transom before tackling the letters. The heat was unbearable.

Dear Aunt Addie:

Will you tell how to take paint spots off mirrors and window panes? I read your column every week.

Mrs. J. A. H.

Turpentine is the best thing for removing paint. You can buy a prepared paint-remover but plain turpentine is cheaper and, with patience, works just as well.

Mr. Fenning tossed the answered letter in the wastebasket and opened a second, written in an uphill, unformed hand. He frowned as he read it. One of those letters. What did they think Aunt Addie was anyhow — a doctor?

. . . heard you were supposed to drink turpentine, but I'm afraid it will make me sick. Oh, dear Aunt Addie, what shall I do? Please help me.

Worried

"Worried," eh? She'd better be. Where did they all get the idea of drinking turpentine? He threw the letter after the first, into the wastebasket. He never answered that kind. Martha Ellis did, when they came in through her Girls' Club. Not in the magazine; she took them home and answered them personally, if they gave a real name and address. Naturally she couldn't tell them anything to do, just advised them to confide in their parents and maybe things could be fixed for them to get married or at least go away for a while. Hunh. He wasn't wasting his sympathy on a lot of flighty girls, picking up with any drug store sheik with slick hair and a car. Out for a good time, all of them. They had their fun, let them pay for it. As he reached for the third letter, Mr. Fenning's eye was caught by the word "turpentine" in the answer he had written to the first. He chuckled. There was a coincidence. His hands on the typewriter keys, he considered a minute. All right, he'd be a sport. He'd give "Worried" an answer, only she'd have to be smart enough to find it. He gave the keys a preliminary sweep and then, smiling as he wrote,

But remember — don't leave the bottle in the medicine chest where someone may pick it up by mistake. Turpentine, taken internally, does nobody any good.

He laughed aloud as he read it over. That was pretty cute. Ellis would enjoy that. Right in her line. He telephoned downstairs for a pitcher of ice water and got out a nickel for the elevator boy. It was worth it. He was in fine form to-day.

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The next week was very trying for him. He had to ransack the library for material for his bird article; besides, New York was having its worst heat wave in ten years. What with one thing and another, it was several days before he was reminded of the leg of lamb.

He had only to finish his "Findings" column and carry all his copy to the office and the week's work would be over. He looked at the advertisers' samples spread on the bed beside him. A camphor flake preparation, a trick kitchen knife, an insect spray, a new kind of clothesline, a cigarette box — half a dozen other articles. He picked up the knife. "Nevadull" it was called. A sawlike blade, "especially good," urged the accompanying booklet, "for cutting gristle." He sighed wearily and began.

Here's just what you've been wanting — a knife that won't get dull! Its sawlike blade —

Mr. Fenning dropped his head in his hands for a moment. He had hardly slept the night before. Hadn't been a breath of air in the room — wasn't now, either. What was that queer smell? He'd noticed it during the night. He lit a cigarette and continued,

— will make quick work of picnic sandwiches. Slices vegetables—

Suddenly his hands crashed down on the keys.

The leg of lamb! In the bureau drawer all this time. That was what he smelled. Must be completely rotten by now. Mr. Fenning groaned. That dratted leg of lamb. Reluctantly he got up and pulled the drawer out a few inches — whew! The warm, rank odor assailed him in all its strength. He shut the drawer quickly. Ye gods, ye gods! Of course he should have known it would spoil. He hadn't thought — he was no damned housekeeper, was he? He had supposed it would stay there or else dry up. The truth was, he had rather hoped that the thing didn't exist at all. It did, though. Mr. Fenning's stomach jerked sickeningly at the thought of what he had seen. Dark, purplish meat — yellow, beaded fat. He thought — he had closed the drawer too hastily to be sure — he had seen something moving . . .

What could he do? He had his work to finish. He went back to his table. *Damn* that smell! He seized the package of camphor flakes and tore it open. Holding his breath, averting his face, he opened the drawer and poured the flakes over the decaying meat. His fingers smelled of camphor; he pressed his nose to them gratefully.

It was no use. Mr. Fenning wrote a few more paragraphs and then realized that the smell was worse than ever. The camphor — the insufferable heat — would it never let up? Speculatively he eyed the insect spray. Might as well try it. He poured the fluid into the hand pump and opening the drawer, plied the pump until his arm ached. He straightened up, eyes smarting, nose tingling. What was in that spray, anyhow? Smelled like chloroform. Might preserve the meat or something. He wondered what embalming fluid was made of; funny he'd never run across it, all the things he'd looked up on his job. He smiled shakily. If he'd thought his leg of lamb would decay, he might have *embalmed* it . . . keep indefinitely that way . . . he'd heard of murderers . . . Mr. Fenning laughed out loud. Why, if anyone were to come in and smell that smell they might think . . . might t-think . . . Oh, what a mess, what a complete mess.

He picked up the piece of clothesline. Might hang it outside the window . . . might even throw it out . . . couldn't. Couldn't possibly touch the thing. He shuddered. He forced

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himself to sit down and finish the rest of the "Findings" paragraphs. As his fingers worked, his mind streamed on separately. The smell continued. Not all the time — in waves. It flowed toward him on humid, relentless waves of August heat. Couldn't stay in this room . . . finish up quickly . . . go away, never come back . . . let them find it . . . the corpse, ha ha, how they'd laugh at him when they found it . . . a leg of lamb . . . dead . . . find it Saturday, chambermaid came in to clean. Nice room . . . familiar . . . had it seventeen years . . . ruined now.

Like a man in a slow motion picture, Mr. Fenning pulled the last sheet of paper from his typewriter. He glanced around the room. It was decided. He'd never come back. His weekly bill lay on the bureau. Settle it now. Say nothing. Send an office boy for his typewriter and clothes. He took his brief case and went downstairs. At the desk he paid his bill. "Hot enough for you, Mr. Fenning?" He nodded vaguely at the perspiring clerk. He walked carefully. He was made of glass. Touch of the heat, probably. Find another hotel — clean — cool. Lie down.

III

Miss Ellis's voice rasped on Mr. Fenning's ears the moment he reached the office. ". . . can't help it. You've got to make room," she was shouting over the telephone. "Well, pull out something. The recipes have got to go in." She glanced up as Mr. Fenning entered her office. He was walking slowly. If he was careful . . . didn't say much . . . keep steady . . . perhaps he wouldn't be sick . . . the terrible heat, that was it . . .

"Listen, Fenning," she was saying. "Care if we hold out 'Bird Neighbors' this once? Make-up man's in a jam and I've simply got to run this bunch of lamb recipes. Advertising department has a special display of cook books."

"What?" asked Mr. Fenning faintly.

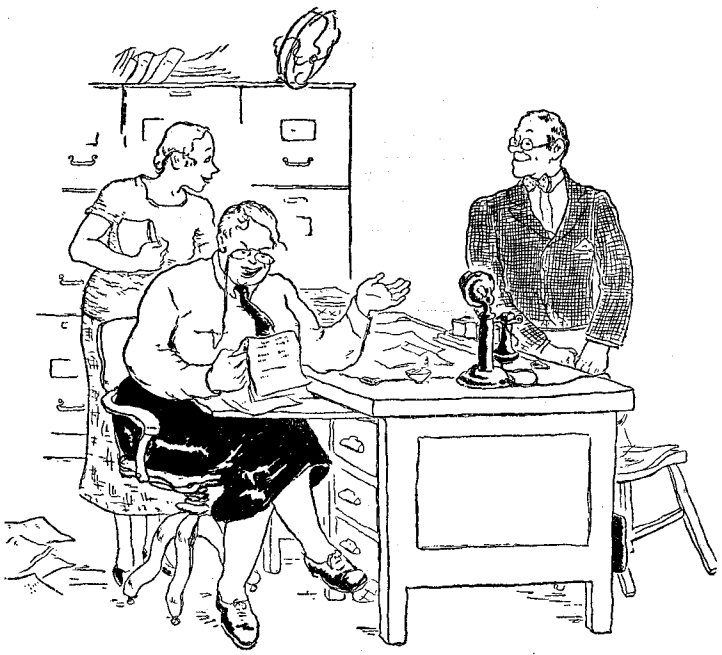
"Oh, my eye, Fenning — lamb recipes," she barked. "Ever hear of lamb? Roast lamb, lamb stew, minced lamb on toast —" She turned back to the telephone. "Hey, Joe. Leave out the bird stuff and run the lamb instead. O. K. — Why, what's the matter?" Mr. Fenning had dropped his copy and made for the wash room, pale and trembling.

When he returned he was feeling considerably better. Miss Ellis was reading his copy, smiling appreciatively. A stenographer stood by her desk. New girl, Mr. Fenning noticed. She wore a white jersey blouse, outlining inviting curves. Straw yellow hair, cheeks and lips coated with rouge, a flash of gold in her teeth as she smiled at him. Mr. Fenning smiled diffidently. He thought her beautiful. He was afraid of the other stenographers in the office — flashily dressed, flip-tongued. He knew they called him Aunt Addie behind his back. This one looked different. Softer — he couldn't describe it. What was the word?

"This stuff is swell, Fenning," Miss Ellis greeted him, taking up a new page.

Mr. Fenning was pleased. "Thanks," he said, and then wished he hadn't. Trying to patronize him? He'd been there fifteen years before she saw the place. Of course his work was good. But the stenographer's eyes were on him, blue and admiring. He blushed and turned away. Unusually nice girl.

"'Put it in the Fun Purse,'" chortled Miss Ellis. "Oh, Fenning, you'll be the death of me! 'Heaven knows I've been pinching pennies long enough myself!' Old Aunt Addie Fenning herself. Join Aunt Addie's Fun Club and let's all go off and have a good cry over our female



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troubles. Boy, won't that fetch the old gals! It's a shame you're a man, Fenning; you've got the soul of a woman, all right. Honestly, you can pour out the best mush I've ever laid eyes on."

Mr. Fenning glared at her sourly. At it, as usual. The spell was broken now. The new stenographer was laughing frankly, mockingly, reading over Miss Ellis's shoulder, looking up at him with little pert, jabbing glances. Like all the others.

"Hustle, now, Dora, and get those letters out," said Miss Ellis. "Oh, I forgot. This is Miss La Rue, Fenning, the new girl. Dora, meet Aunt Addie Fenning, the woman's friend."

"Glad to know you, Aunt Addie." The girl picked up her notebook and flounced out with a backward giggle that filled Mr. Fenning's heart with rage.

"What'd you have to say that for?" he demanded, facing Miss Ellis. How he hated her. Deliberately making a fool of him in front of that girl. She did it on purpose. Making a joke of his work, too. He'd like to grab her fat neck and squeeze until —

"Oh, what of it?" Miss Ellis was off-handed. "She'll pick it up from the others. Listen, Fenning, I want to talk to you about her. She's a girl I got in touch with through the Girls' Club. She was in a jam, see, and I helped her out and got her the job here to give her a new start. I want you to keep an eye on her, will you? This office is too full of men. I'm depending on you. You're the only one around here that's safe."

Mr. Fenning was white.

"Damn you," he burst out. "What do you think I am? A fool woman, going around making stenographers behave? Do it yourself if you get a kick out of it — Tom Pry. Always sniffling about girls' going straight. Know what's the matter with you? You're fat and you're homely and you've never had a chance to cut up yourself. Why don't you admit it? You don't care any more about girls in trouble than — than *I* do. You're jealous — that's all." He stopped, trembling all over.

"Why, Fenning," Miss Ellis spoke quietly, the vitality gone from her voice. "That's not true. I know I'm not good-looking, of course, but the rest isn't true. I'm terribly sorry. I only asked you because I thought you were a good egg. I thought you liked me."

"Like you," muttered Mr. Fenning. He turned away, his face strained and agitated. "I hate you. Get that. I've always hated you, ever since you barged in here and worked yourself into a job that ought to be mine. I've done my work at home because I couldn't stand the sight of you. After this I'll never come to the office. You can send a copy boy for my stuff. That way I won't have to see you at all." His voice trailed off. He turned and left her office, walking uncertainly to the elevator.

There was one other passenger in the elevator. Mr. Fenning did not notice him until he spoke. It was Jonas, in the circulation department. Mr. Fenning knew him by sight.

"Hot, isn't it?" Jonas spoke pleasantly. "You look about all in, Fenning."

Mr. Fenning nodded. The other man looked at him intently, hesitated, and then spoke again.

"Say, doing anything special, Fenning? Why not come out with me and have a drink? I know a good place near here."

Mr. Fenning shook his head. He always refused such invitations. "Ought to go home," he mumbled. Home. Lie down. Then he remembered. He was never going home again. That smell.

"Oh, come along," urged Jonas. He took Mr. Fenning's arm as they reached the street. Mr. Fenning was glad of the support; he felt horribly unsteady. Jonas steered him several blocks, across a street, and then down before an iron grille, which a shirt-sleeved proprietor enthusiastically unlocked.

"What'll it be, Fenning? Scotch?" asked Jonas. "Two Scotch," he nodded to the bartender. "Well — here's the chute!" Mr. Fenning steadied himself against the bar and gulped down the whisky, choking. The effect of the liquor was almost immediate. He straightened up.

"Have another?" invited Jonas.

"On me," said Mr. Fenning. He felt brusque and masculine. They drank the second round, and Jonas ordered a third. Mr. Fenning looked about him. "Nice place," he commented. He liked the place. He liked Jonas. "Been with the paper long?" he asked.

"Not so very — about two years."

"Stranger around there, myself," Mr. Fenning told him wittily. "Only drop in once a week. Take copy to Ellis."

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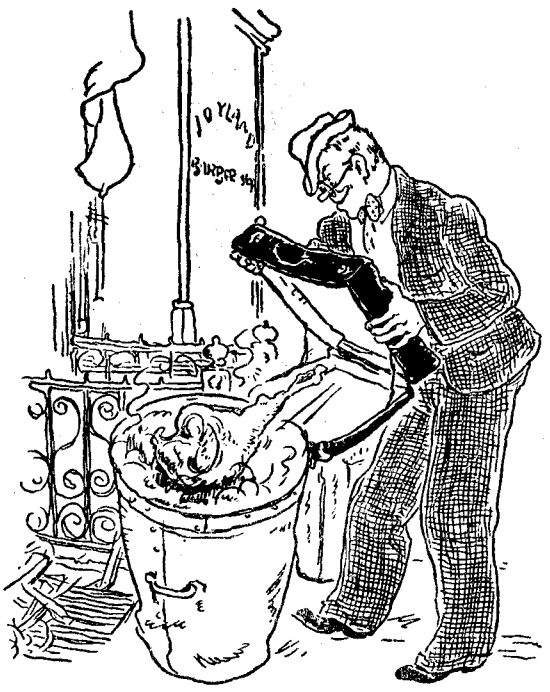
"Thought I hadn't seen you around much. Ellis! Boy, wouldn't I like to be in that gal's shoes! Did you know she's getting ten thousand a year on her new job? Ten thousand smackers. Baby, I could use that."

"What new job?"

"Didn't you know she's leaving? Gets through this week. Starts in Monday as Back-of-the-Book editor of *Woman's World*. At ten thousand berries *per annum*. Gosh, I could use that money. Or did I say that before?" He ordered another round.

"Leaving the magazine?" Mr. Fenning repeated uncomprehendingly.



"Sure, but don't let it get you. What's the matter? You're not secretly in love with old Fat Matt Ellis, are you? Man, where's your taste? And with that new one, La Rue, in the office, just spoiling to be asked. Well, well! So Fenning's in love with Matt Ellis! Here, better celebrate that." He swallowed his drink and clapped Mr. Fenning on the shoulder. "Nothing against your taste, old man. Of course not. If you *like* 'em so much on the hoof —"

"In love with her?" shouted Mr. Fenning. "I detest her. I've hated her ever since she came on the magazine. I'd like to murder her, that's all. Ha! Leaving, did you say? I'll tell you; we'll celebrate that. Another round," he told the waiter impressively. "We'll celebrate. Ten thousand dollars, did you say she was getting? Well, we'll celebrate that with ten thousand drinks! Waiter! Waiter, bring nine hundred nine thousand nine hundred more drinks! No, wait a minute — nine hundred nine thousand — here — here's a chute!"

IV

It was late next morning when Mr. Fenning awoke in his familiar hotel room. He ached all over. He was lying on something hard. Groaning, he rolled over and extracted the bread knife, "Nevadull." It lay with the rest of the advertisers' samples on the bed where he had left them.

He dragged himself to the washstand for a drink of water and saw a half-empty bottle of whisky on the shelf. He stared dully at it. The glass rattled in his unsteady hand as he mixed himself a drink of whisky and water and downed it painfully.

Then he remembered. He had had a dream. He dreamed that he had murdered Matt Ellis. His eyes roved the bed. With the bread knife; that was it. "Especially good for cutting gristle." He giggled a little. Especially good for killing Matt Ellis. She was dead, then. She was leaving the magazine. Leaving to get ten thousand — suddenly Mr. Fenning sniffed. That smell. Hunh. The window had been closed all night. He opened it and then poured himself another drink. That was all right. Naturally, he'd have to dispose of the body. He could handle that. Anybody who read the newspapers knew a hundred ways to dispose of the body.

He washed and dressed slowly and reached down his suit case from the closet shelf. Which murderer was it put them in suit cases? Another stiff drink and he stripped a sheet off the bed and approached the bureau. Dexterously, without looking at it, he scooped up the leg of lamb.

"Not leaving us, are you, Mr. Fenning?" the clerk asked, glancing at the suit case.

"No. Just need it to — ah — carry a little something." Mr. Fenning looked straight at the smiling clerk and, amazingly, winked. The clerk's laugh was like a sly nudge in the ribs.

He went along Sixth Avenue until he came to a row of garbage cans set out for the collector. He opened the suit case and without looking around dumped the bundle on top of one of the cans. There. That was how it was done. That was how murderers did it. Never trace him. Carrying the empty suit case, he walked until he came to a restaurant. In a loud voice he ordered a hearty breakfast.

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When he reached the office, Pfeiffer called him in and looked up thoughtfully.

"Sit down, Fenning. Cigar? I suppose you know Miss Ellis is leaving us. I hadn't decided — we don't see much of you around the office — but she spoke to me yesterday about your taking her place. Seemed to think you were the one to have it. What do you say?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Fenning distinctly. "I write the best mush we print, don't I?"

Pfeiffer gave a surprised snort of laughter.

"It's pretty good mush, Fenning. True enough. You think you can handle an editor's job, then?"

"I'll have to have some help."

"That's right. We'll make some changes — give you an assistant."

"And a stenographer."

"Surely, surely. Take your pick, Fenning." Pfeiffer was smiling broadly.

"Raise in salary?"

"Of course. Let's see — how would a ten dollar a week raise do for a starter?"

"For a starter," conceded Mr. Fenning. He rose. Pfeiffer got up and held out his hand.

"That's settled, then. You start in Monday."

Mr. Fenning walked briskly to the elevator without glancing at Miss Ellis's open door. Reaching the street, he found his way easily to the speakeasy Jonas had taken him to the afternoon before. He bought a quart of whisky and the bartender, who remembered him, stood him a drink. He stood the bartender a drink and then, putting the whisky in his suit case, went to a booth and called the office.

"Miss La Rue," he told the switchboard operator.

"This is Mr. Fenning," he said, when she answered.

"Who? Oh, of course — Aunt Addie." He heard her giggle. "How are you?"

"I want you to have lunch with me."

"Why, I don't know — I don't think —"

"It's important," he interrupted. "I suppose you know, Miss La Rue, that I'm taking over Miss Ellis's work next week. There are some matters — I shall have to talk to you."

"Oh, *sure*, Mr. Fenning. Sure, I'd love to go to lunch. Are you really going to be editor? Say, that's grand! Where'll I meet you?"

Mr. Fenning smiled and swung his suit case as he returned to his hotel. What a nice little voice she had. Soft, like her. Pliant. That was the word. Pliant.

I'm Signing Off

A Radio Announcer Betrays His Profession

ANONYMOUS

Some time ago, under the usual pressure, through the good offices of an influential friend, and with no previous experience in the business, I entered radio station XXX as announcer and utility man. I am, I suppose, of average intelligence and sensibilities, of a typical American background and adequate education. Additionally I own to a decent general knowledge of music and a proficiency at the piano and in singing. I am — I confess it reluctantly — the average young man. Station XXX (not a thousand miles from Fifth Avenue) is correspondingly average, representing the typical large American broadcasting station.

I arrived, much flustered and slightly apprehensive. The business manager, Mr. A., told me to "look around for a day or so and get the hang of it." And for three days I did nothing more than that, observing what Milton Cross, one of the better known announcers, termed in a New York *Herald Tribune* article "the very highly specialized activity" of the "art" (his word) of radio announcing.

I observed how the microphones, condenser,

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and carbon were placed in their varying relations to instruments, singers, speakers, and announcers; observed the effects of certain wall surfaces upon microphone reception; listened to voices that "blasted" and produced "peaks," and to voices that did not. I learned something of the mechanism and management of the mixing panel. I learned the necessity of programs that ran smoothly and on time, and of average quick thinking on the part of the studio staff. I learned that an "artist" was anyone who entered the studio in a professional capacity.

Then abruptly I added to my stock of knowledge. The business manager informed me that I was to go on the air this evening, I was to get in there and show 'em how it was done, I was to put that smile into my voice, give 'em that winning personality. And so he came finally to his peroration: "Now, B., I know you're a college man . . ." — I was, along with five million others — " . . . well, don't show it! I'm educated myself, but I don't even let the fellows here know it. They don't like it. Public don't like it. Give 'em what they want when you announce. Way to make good!"

I should have been prepared for this information, but I wasn't. And it staggered me. I had assumed that my business, since it had to do with English speech, with a wide range of knowledge, and with the entire library of music, would make unlimited demands on my mental furnishings. I was to learn later that the only virtue proper to the great announcer is showmanship.

The Daily Program

First of all there was the run of the day's work. Did it suggest art in content or arrangement? Was it well-balanced, varied, amusing? Did it rise occasionally to the plane of normal intelligence, taste, and cultivation; did it at seemly intervals bear the blazon of the vaunted educational institution which the majority hold the radio to be?

Well, from seven to eight in the morning was the children's hour, and as such quite legitimate and laudable, filled with much ringing and clattering of bells, buzzing of clockworks, mechanical hoots, and the other effects which, all program directors are convinced, children love. Included also was an adventure yarn by "Captain Bert," which was advertised as having been drawn from his actual experience. Captain Bert, though well-qualified for his post, hard-working, and absolutely dependable save when overtaken by *la crise juponnière*, was pressed for time. So I undertook the writing of true adventures for him to sponsor. I remember with a little mortification and with great pleasure his exploits in Borneo, for example. Borneo, by the time I had done with it, was as savage and thrilling as a circus poster, and Captain Bert was a hero cased in triple brass. One morning he engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with two full-grown orang-utans — and did them in, what's more.

Following the Captain's epic doings came jazz and allied popular music from eight o'clock to ten. From ten to ten-thirty, home economics. The purpose behind this program was commendable: in theory, the women of the city profited, as did the station and the sponsoring grocer. But unfortunately the "Kitchen Kourse" was as new as my presence in Station XXX. And the woman in charge, while she had the requisite elocution teacher's "vocality," was otherwise inexperienced and furthermore busy. So I stepped into the breach. My first paper — on pies — was interesting if not sound. It was in fact definitely lyric; by hewing closer to Shelley than to Fanny Farmer I managed to avoid flare-backs from knowledgeable housewives and at the same time to win the omnipotent business manager's approval.

From half-past ten to eleven I played the piano and I sang . . . and I began to learn many things about music from my audience of a million as well as from Mr. A. Such as: that the C-Sharp Minor Prelude is good for a down any time; that the march from Prokofieff's *L'Amour des Trois Oranges* — as fine a piece of musical humor as ever was written — is "terrible"; that Shutt's *À La Bien Aimée* is "a good deal highbrow"; that the public wanted *good* music and that I'd better sing Somewhere in Old Wyoming. Thereafter I sang Somewhere in Old Wyoming and told comic stories, cherishing one invaluable truth that by process of trial and error I had discovered. Which was, that my public liked the better music only when a recognizable and famous man executed it, or when by dint of weary repetition the music itself had become familiar and therefore acceptable. Exceptions may be taken, I know; but the rule holds.

For the next half-hour, a program devoted to

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the selling of a fraudulent electro-therapeutic machine. And then thirty minutes of old-fashioned church services, to the material profit of both the organizer and the station.

By that time it was noon at XXX and we settled into our paying stride. To be sure, stray wedges of the clock were given over to bridge forums, historical reminiscences (whatever they were), travel talks, epi-Guestric poets and critics. But the stock commodity for the afternoon was this: ten minutes of market reports, five minutes of police alarms . . . and sponsored dance music.

Somewhere between six and midnight an hour's tribute was paid to the sober-sided muse. An orchestra played, or, more likely, a string trio for cheapness' sake. This is a typical offering.

Twilight.....Friml
The Garden of My Heart.....Ball
In Elizabethan Days.....Kramer
Serenade (The).....Schubert
Scarf Dance.....Chaminade
Kamennoi Ostrow.....Rubenstein

The final number here, Rubenstein's bell-ringing exercise, shared honors with *À La Bien Aimée* as the peak of "highbrow stuff."

A tenor sang — usually this sort of cup-shotten program:

Somewhere in Old Wyoming
Promises
Forgive Me
Until We Meet Again, Sweetheart
So Beats My Heart For You

It is possible, of course, that since the radio has rendered musicianship unnecessary the "artists" were themselves deceived. They may have thought that they were recreating a profusion of masterpieces. Yet I credit most of them with the knowledge that their repertories were depraved and dull. In the dark outside lay some monstrous primitive carnivore, Our Public, slightly confused with the official who signed the checks, ready to crunch the bones of their reputations if they made a single false step. I say they knew better. But had they done better they would have fared worse.

With trio and with vocal soloist gravity was ushered in and out. The city's merchants would have none of it, and therefore neither would Station XXX. For the rest of the evening there was usually a "drama," in which the villain and the English language were struck down simultaneously. And there was dance music, some of it good, some bad, all of it jazz.

The programs of the contributing orchestras were wonderfully simple in plan: they were practically identical. To assure myself of this fact, I drew up a sort of frequency chart a few months ago. During one week the following musical numbers were played not less than five times a day, not more than eight, at our station:

The King's Horses
You're Driving Me Crazy
Three Little Words
Fine and Dandy
Walkin' My Baby Back Home

And they continued to sound as frequently for weeks after. It seems like months.

This is not quite all of the day's labor. We at Station XXX make one truly remarkable effort that is worthy of special notice. On Sunday "Uncle Tim" holds his Kiddie Karnival. Under the yellow shimmer of Uncle's teeth the usual theatrical minors perform for an hour and a half; the usual piercing and uncertain notes are struck, blown, and wrenched from instruments. Through some kind of magic, music which would be atrocious if played by a visible adult becomes charming when played by an invisible child. Verses are recited or audibly forgotten to an accompaniment of toys drawn across the floor of the studio, because confusion and inadequacy are dear to the nursery heart. Uncle Tim reads the comic strips in a suitable treble. He makes kind, avuncular fun of his Kiddies. Merry childish laughter bubbles up continually to the microphone, under the watchful and expert baton of the uncle.

The next day I saw the resulting letters from the adults for whom this infantile circus was operated; not so many letters, of course, as we would have taken in a few years ago, but still baskets of them. They criticize, suggest, condemn. And for all their mistakes and their pencil smudges, we give them consideration, because through them speaks the voice of God — disguised, naturally, as the potential customer. We listen too when the divine utterance employs the telephone. Once during my apprenticeship I informed the microphone that to my way of thinking a certain notorious mammy-singer was a foul comedian and small potatoes compared with Groucho Marx. Within three minutes we had seven telephone calls

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beginning thus: "Say! Who does that announcer think he is, anyway! Callin' — no good! Are you goin' to let him get away with that sort of stuff?"

The Presiding Geniuses

So much for the events of the day at our temple of the muses. I need only say of it that I found room for thought, those first few weeks at XXX. Undoubtedly we made money here and were a thriving business. But were we also good entertainment, high art, higher education? I could find no justification here for Mr. Cross's lofty attitude. Indeed, the moments came more frequently when I looked upon the microphone as a malefic talisman capable of extreme perversion, capable of transforming princesses into scullery maids, full of pernicious charms and brazen in the use of them.

I examined further into my profession. I went from our programs to our managers and announcers. Surely, I thought, if radio is an instrument of enlightenment and the humanities, I should be able to reveal very special qualifications in its high priests, altar ministrants, and acolytes.

The president is a shrewd business man whose reading list is headed by *V. V.'s Eyes*, and who once when I was practicing Bach — for very private reasons — informed me that he *liked* Chopin.

Our vice-president is likewise a shrewd man of affairs; and in addition he has a tact which is lacking in his superior, for he is content to deal with the finances of the station. Though he does not acknowledge his ignorance of simple radio technique, of music and the art of English speech, he at least does not attempt to interfere with our operations.

Not so the production manager. Shortly after I came here he told me that he too was a "college man"! He toils through the difficulties of our mother tongue like a disabled oyster barge through a heavy sea, and he once referred to that famous English poet, Coolidge. His ignorance of music is exaggerated in its scope; he fails to distinguish between a Strauss waltz and a military march, between a "major" and "minor," a duet and a quartette. But he superintends production, because he has "a good business head" and "knows how to handle men."

In Mr. A., the business manager, we have what is generally called a dynamo: that is to say, his voice is sharp, his movements brisk, his personal appeal to merchants potent, his capacity for error theoretically *nil*. I found that he is the most significant figure in our station, because he is its most adept salesman and because he believes in and enforces his personal tastes. It is admitted that his selling ability is an excellent thing. But his preferences in speech and music, while wonderful, are not excellent. When he corrects good orchestration into bad, good balance into bad, good continuity, voice manner, and pronunciation into bad, I occasionally protest. His answer is, "You're right, but the public don't know what you mean. Maybe 'lingerie' is what *you* call it, but 'lawn-ju-ray' is what the women buy on the counters. So give 'em lawnjuray!"

Through Mr. A., D & T Maiers, Clothing Merchants, buy half an hour on the air and thereafter feel privileged to dictate every detail of their entertainment. If they say that the word is "en-sem-bul," or that such-and-such is too slow or too soft or too dull, then it is all of those things. If they want the six current numbers played — and they always do — then the six are played. If they say that an announcer with a barytone voice must coo in a tenor fashion like the great Joe Blank at Station YYY, then the announcer takes a gargle and coos. Unquestionably the brothers Maiers have sound mercantile instincts, and thanks to them Station XXX is a thriving concern. But I do not find it in the Gospels that a business man is necessarily a compendium of all taste and knowledge.

Next to the Maiers in authority comes the gallery of our production staff and announcers — men who have been courteous and generous to me, for whose sake I and my station must remain anonymous in this article. We have had various backgrounds: one of us was formerly a real estate agent and longshoreman, another was in the Coast Guard, another a professional baseball player, another an engineer, and so on. That none of them has had a formal education is irrelevant. But that they have not acquired knowledge informally, that they have never undergone the severe testing which develops a sure taste, that they have no reading, no musical appreciation, that they lack the equipment which should figure most importantly in our profession — this is strictly relevant and a little

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tragic. These men, whether they will it or not, are powerful agents in formulating the taste, speech, and habits of mind among a million people. Mr. Cross wrote that "announcers must be ever alert about their diction, enunciation, inflection of syllables, and, may we say, voice humor." He even added that "there are scholars among us." Therefore I thought it fair to expect an inoffensive use of English and a well-groomed manner, if nothing else, from my fellow barkers. I rarely heard it.

On the other hand, I frequently did hear Uncle Tim, whose type is common in the radio world. Like so many of us announcers, he was once an actor, having spent fifteen years elaborating minor rôles in a Tom-show. The results are astonishing, though not unique. There is a great deal of the zoo in Uncle Tim, a trait which is shared by almost all radio "uncles" and "captains." Before his microphone he is full of a soft, childish laughter, and of charming conceits and fantasies; he plays a great deal, so to speak, with his verbal tail, cracks nuts, eats straw, chatters excitedly, and so on. The tempo of his speaking is afflicted with an extraordinary *rubato*, which may be represented thus in musical terms: *sforzando accelerando — sostenuto — accelerando subito — largo largo.* "Down . . . in the . . . well there was . . . (*very quickly*) the cutest little mou-ou-ou . . . (*pause, then a gasp*) . . . sie and when he was at . . . home he . . . was . . . in-a-we-e-ell."

To a layman this may not immediately suggest the human voice, but Uncle Tim's manner is popular and leads many merchants to Mr. A's office. The rest of us do not hesitate to imitate him, since we too must sell. We are radio's high-pressure salesmen, and must poke the rabbits down the gullet of that reluctant anaconda, our public. The trouble is that radio's only staple product is amusement, which is not the result of violence.

Radio Authors

Last of all I came to those masters of the lean and racy or the fat and colorful prose — the writers of continuity. By the terms under which I drew my very respectable salary I was also of their number. Continuity, I learned, falls into two divisions — "commercial" and "sustaining." The former is high-pressure ad-writing, and the latter is that vivid matter which introduces and interrupts all programs, whose function is gracefully to cushion the radio mind against too abrupt an impact with music, ideas, and oral sounds.

I learned what everyone these days is aware of, that the advertising announcements are viciously long and in consequence are a contributing cause of radio's ill health. For a number of our half-hour sponsored programs I have written scripts eight or ten minutes in length. A certain featured "entertainment" at our studio regularly alternates two minutes of paid speech with two minutes of music.

I further learned that "air-ading" has to be written, not untruthfully of course, but . . . well, forcefully. I can honestly say that in Station XXX I have not invented a single concrete textual lie, having found such technique to be childishly inefficient. In place of the lie we put misrepresentation; with due regard to the penal code we state a low-grade truth, a safe generality. So far, so good. There is something too lamblike, however, in a simple truth. And the dominant flavor of advertising is wolf rather than lamb. So by heaping up illogical inferences, implications, slippery suggestions, and repetition we raise the low-grade truth to a proper selling plane — as necessarily we must if we are to inflate our patrons' desires up to and beyond the size of their pocketbooks before delivering them over to our clients. But unfortunately for me, I have the sort of mind that is unable to see the difference between a trap set for a creature's leg and a trap set for his subconscious self.

Sustaining continuity is another thing again, quite removed from the market place. Here the *littérateur*, the gifted Englisher of thoughts, the maker of dreams and creator of atmosphere — here the verbal genius of the radio hits his stride. And here, I thought, is a line which Messrs. the talented business men will not overstep.

They didn't. But another force did, a special tradition of taste which rules in all broadcasting studios and which in my opinion is on a level with the idealism of the tabloids. Under its tutelage I am forced daily to write English prose that is indescribable. The trick is easy, and I hereby place the secret at the disposal of any continuity writer who may wish to win the backslaps of his manager and the hearty approval of his "radio family." Overstate all

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emotion, violate all laws of restraint, use the tritest phrases, the most extravagant similes, the most drenching sentimentality. Strain for cheap verbal effects, employ commonplaces once the property of Chautauqua lecturers and politicians. Walk heavily and use a big stick. In short, write as wretchedly as you can. I quote an example:

"When you look into the heart of a great diamond, unearthly glory flickers up into your eyes. But when you read its story, you can see the broad ribbons of blood that flow through its lovely current. When you pronounce the names of the great stones, the air throbs with harmony, and you seem to hear the waves of poetry breaking with a crystal sound over the far shores of romance. But, reading of their adventurous lives, you shudder as you hear the laughter of the demons that watch over these blazing beauties."

One important use of continuity is to interrupt. Never allow your announcer to say: "Next you shall hear . . ." or, "The song that follows now is called . . . " Exaggerate! Force! Be puerile! Give the script a horse-drench of virile showmanship. Like this: "The *baton* of our *chef-d'orchestre* (pronounced in various ways) presents now for your musical consideration. . . ." Or, "With bows for brushes and notes for pigment our instrumentalists paint a picture for you of that old sweetheart of yours, Somewhere in Old Wyoming."

My proud stomach does not revolt too fiercely when as announcer I salt down the jazz programs with excrescences such as these, for the words and music are mated to each other and to the audience. But I am sickened when I am obliged to ballyhoo Schubert and cheer him on as if he were a famous quarterback doing a broken-field run. I should rather like to hear honest music honestly presented, listen to the play of honest minds, away from this sticky, hypocritical fug of emotion, fellowship, and uplift, barren intellects and conceited ignorance.

I should enjoy telling the people that the six current jazz tunes they are about to hear are poisonous after a week of repetition; that this political speaker has called his audience gullible idiots just five minutes before going on the air; that this continuity which I pronounce should be hissed off as stuff of ill effect; that the prize jars of mayonnaise will *not* go to the writers of the first one hundred letters received at the station but will be scattered about where they will do the most good; that this critic and book reviewer has the literary tastes of an hyena and the critical equipment of a beachcomber and that a chain bookshop is "obliged to him" for puffing its particular list; that the air is full of miasma and dullness and they'd best come out of it.

I imagine that after saying these things I should be short on job but very long on self-respect.

And the National Chains?

Perhaps conditions at another station would be more tolerable, but I doubt it. I have visited many of them, have met, talked with, and listened to many announcers, attempted to speak with directors of programs and music; I know as dinner companions one or two heads of the business not utterly unimportant. And I venture to say this: that where there is but small flint, tinder, and fuel, one does not look for a bright fire.

Concerning radio at large, my experience and observation has furnished me with three propositions that to me seem almost axiomatic. First, that broadcasting is by its nature inevitably an educational and a cultural agent. Second, that as long as the present staff of men is in and above the studios any educational or cultural shift must be a downward one. Third, that, given the weakness of public protest, radio will not be forced to mend its ways or alter its current methods of milking the public cow.

The very widest possible view of national broadcasting has not led me to abate the edge of these contentions. It is a macrocosm of which Station XXX is an elemental and model part. The analysis which I have tried to make of my own studio may be applied with identical results to the largest one. The national chain announcers share the defects of their lesser known brothers: instead of displaying whatever small enlightenment is theirs, they exploit their illiteracy over the air. They are quite at home, for instance, with the pronunciation of tongue-twisters and the hard ones out of McGuffey. Dictionary in hand, they can deal with "disestablishmentarianism"; they know their etiquette when faced with peacock brains and beccaficos. But serve beans, and they eat with

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their knives. Within the past two days I have heard a noted altar ministrant in one of our metropolitan fanes deliver himself of "im*po*tent," "pictewer," "o*f*ten" — and, in imitation of an aspiring provincial dowager, "lond," "ond," and "monner." That is not the lack of higher education; it is the complete lack of any education whatsoever.

Happily for their peace of mind, the great announcers are preserved from the thought that they are imperfect. Most of them are too busy aping a crowd of gentlemen talking at ease to speak at all naturally — from Lower-Oxford-on-Upper-Ohio they bring an Oxonian accent that would make Buddha blink. And they are so absorbed in the blossom of their own perfection that they touch things which they should not dare to handle: one of the hearty-bluster school, for example, presumes to broadcast events at a boat race when he cannot rightly distinguish a rowing slide from third base.

As for the continuity that these men read, it would be an unpleasant and useless task to set down examples here. The national chain programs they announce are no better. To be sure, we may hear a few good programs, some of them extraordinarily so, and they hang like rich jewels in an Ethiop's ear. The fact is, I suppose, that while an hour of excellent entertainment justifies itself, it cannot justify a whole week or month of tripe. Pleasure in music is not, like truffles, to be taken at the long end of a pig's nose; nor is an oasis of any real benefit to a man if he dies in the desert trying to reach it.

Conscious that isolated periods of decency do not make amends for insufferably long stretches of maladroit advertising and pseudo-entertainment, the two national chains have during the last six months made strenuous efforts, in the news columns, to improve conditions. Famous concert names and bureaus have been merged with them, and the air was full of promise. But the results have been negligible so far. The genuine artists have disappeared, overwhelmed by the mass of "artistes," or their programs have been shorn of interest by the advertiser. Perhaps something will arise later from this official union of talent with commerce. Meanwhile, in our great depression, the many questionable hours return handsome profits to the stations.

The station managers, of course, defend themselves by saying that they must give each class what it wants. If so, then their position is indeed an unhappy one, for the air policy of Something for Everyone threatens to result in Nothing for Anyone. And so arises an amusing paradox. They are able neither to understand and accomplish the function of leadership nor to dismiss it. Like a man with a live wire in his hand, they can neither use it nor drop it.

Let us be fair. The blame does not rest entirely with the radio executives. Above them are the advertisers, grimly determined that the people *shall* desire, *shall* buy. In order to impose their will they threaten the air men with no physical violence; they merely flourish a check — and the air with its public attached is sold to them. The advertiser has bought an hour on the air as he would buy a pound of cabbage. He owns it. And what he says goes! Add public apathy, and the list of evils is complete. The abuses are almost traditional by now, and under their influence radio, like Disraeli's statesman, having been for seven years a bore, is now become an institution. It may be that, in spite of the honest effort being made in certain quarters, its further course must remain unaltered.

Yet I have imagined an ideal broadcasting station. Its owner (myself) will be a man who does not have to make money every hour of the day. Its announcing and production staff will be men of education who will have undergone special training in the arts of speech, music, and restraint. Its continuity writers will be few, their output limited, and the quality of it inconspicuously good. Its advertisers will have the power of suggestion but must leave the command to those who know more about the business in hand than they do. There will be no hypocritical pretense to public service; the programs will make no attempt to present something for everyone — they will be aimed frankly at and above a presumptive upper-middle class; they will accept Broadway standards only in comedy and dance music.

If the quality of these programs cannot be maintained eighteen hours a day, then the station will be on the air for half that period. If under these conditions the station cannot be successfully operated, it will be closed. The public and the advertiser will find the tabloids and the billboards sufficient to their cultural and commercial needs.

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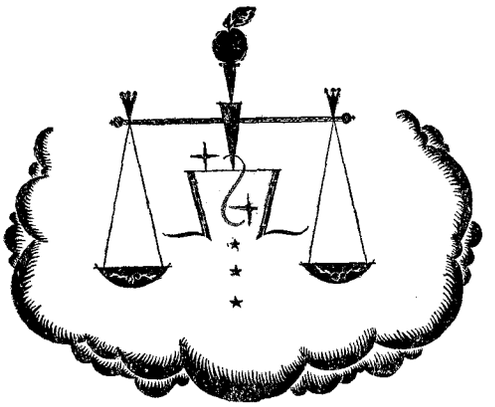
How High Is Up?

The Fallacy of Absolute Standards



by **HENRY HAZLITT**

I

MR. JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, for whom I have a high admiration, both as a man and as a writer, has become very angry with me. In a recent article in THE FORUM (October, 1931) he accuses me of attempting to mislead Youth, of urging it to forsake the accumulated wisdom of the ages, the tried and the true, and to lose itself "in a confusion of relativities and debauched tastes." He even hints very strongly that I am a "rabid relativist anti-Humanist," and such a creature, I gather from his tone, is obnoxious to all right-thinking men.

And yet, as it unhappily falls out, in spite of Mr. Adams's eloquence I must persist in my course. Not only must I remain a relativist, but, with the cynical instinct of every sinner to pretend that others are no better than he is, I suspect Mr. Adams himself to be, in his secret heart, a relativist too. He cannot help himself. We are nearly all relativists now, however much we may differ in the degrees of our relativism. The intellectual climate of the times makes us so. Wherever we turn, in philosophy, in physics, in æsthetics, in ethics, absolutism is in disrepute. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel have been in their graves these many years; and from the sickroom of the Absolute come from time to time unmistakable bulletins that it too is dying.

Absolutism began to wane in the realm of thought shortly after it began to wane in the realm of action. Absolute monarchs were curbed or deposed because they had abused their power, and the Absolute was discredited in philosophy because there, too, it was attempting too much. One need go no further than the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to see how overworked the conception has been. "Theists identify the Absolute with God; pantheists, with the Universe; Schopenhauer and Wundt, with Will; Bergson, with a Life-Force characterized by creative evolution; Fechner and Lipps, with Consciousness; Bradley, with Experience; Joel, with the Potentiality of all that is real; Lotze and Royce, with self-conscious Personality; Alexander, presumably with the Space-time matrix of all reality. Hegel . . . with the Universal Spirit. . . ." Evidently one man's Absolute is another man's poison; and nowhere has chaos or, if you will, relativity, reigned more supreme than in the struggle of rival absolutes. In physics, the notion of absolute certainty has been giving way everywhere before the concept of probability, and instead of an absolute space and an absolute time, we are taught to think of a space-time continuum that must be conceived and measured strictly according to the position of the observer. In æsthetics and ethics — but let us consider these in turn.

In a recent article called "Standards (Loud Cheers)," which appeared in *The Nation*, I ventured to point out that virtually all the critics who are most insistent on the need for

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"Standards" in literary and art criticism habitually use the word in a vaguely emotive and honorific, and not in any strictly indicative sense. It is obvious, I remarked, that the charge that a given critic or group of critics has no standards is never true: "A critic's standards may be low, they may shift with every book he writes about or even in the course of a single review, but standards, in the sense of implied comparisons, he must have."

Now obviously I was here not *approving* of the practice of shifting one's standards in the course of a single review, or of shifting them with every book one writes about, although Mr. Adams, to judge from his comment on my article in his own essay on "Standards" in the October FORUM, apparently assumes that I was. To be sure, I may have left myself open to misunderstanding by going on to describe the actual standards that the average professional New York play reviewer actually applies in his daily reviews, and remarking that such standards were on the whole "sensible," but I meant no more than that his standards were, for the most part, *appropriate for his purposes*. Mr. Adams quoted this passage and proceeded to assault it, but unfortunately he broke off the quotation in the middle of the final sentence, not mentioning an important qualifying phrase until much later; and still more unfortunately, he omitted entirely to quote what was, in its relation to this question, the most important sentence in my article: "The standards that we apply to any dramatic or literary work, in short, must be relative to the pretensions of that work and to the purpose of our criticism."

It should not require much argument to establish the truth of this generalization. It merely describes the habitual practice of sensible men. If I should ask Mr. Adams what he thought of some recent biography that some mutual friend of ours had written, he would not reply: "It is not a great work, and cannot compare with Boswell's Johnson." He would not even put such a judgment into a review. Such a reservation would be *understood;* Mr. Adams's standard — explicit or implied — would not be Boswell, but probably some normal level of recent achievement. If his standard were different from that, he would probably be at some pains to tell me explicitly what his standard was.

And this applies not merely to literary criticism, but to all the criticisms we make in daily life. If I asked Mr. Adams what he thought of his next door neighbor, he would not begin comparing his merits or defects with those of Albert Einstein or Mahatma Gandhi. His implied standard, I am sure, would be some *level of probable expectation*. And this was all I meant to say about standards of literary criticism. The first question to be asked of them is whether they are *appropriate*. We judge cotton as cotton and wool as wool, and we usually do not trouble to condemn the first unless it attempts to pass as the second.

II

IN ARGUING for appropriate standards I am of course arguing for relative standards, but I am not, as Mr. Adams seems to assume throughout his article, arguing for low standards. A daily play reviewer is writing for an audience of playgoers, the majority of whom may go to the theater anywhere from once or twice a week to once a month; and when he fails explicitly to tell us in any given review just what standard he is applying, the standard that most of his readers — consciously or unconsciously — assume him to be using, and the implicit standard that, quite sensibly, he probably is using, is the average quality of the plays that have been running in New York for the past few seasons. He feels that a play merits his approval, and perhaps even his enthusiasm, if it is considerably above that average. He is to be condemned only if he implies, or explicitly states, that the play has a higher order of merit than it actually has — if he hints, for example, that it is a play for the centuries when it is obvious that it will be forgotten in five years.

But he would be equally to be condemned, and would merely set himself down as an insufferably pompous ass, if he either explicitly or implicitly judged every current play by the standards of Shakespeare's or Goethe's plays, or even of Ibsen's or Shaw's. For his readers (as long as he retained any) would find themselves confronted each day merely with various degrees of ill-natured disapproval. The reviewer's judgment might be perfectly sound; each play in turn might be just as bad as he said it was, *judged by the standard he had chosen to adopt*. But the standards would be inappropriate.

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This is not to argue, certainly, that there are not occasions when even the highest standards are appropriate. The New York dramatic critics were both permitted and obliged to raise their usual standards when confronted with a play like Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. A writer engaged in current book reviewing will raise his standards automatically when he sits down to compose, let us say, a critical history of American literature. A contemporary mind like Einstein's can be judged only by comparison with the very greatest minds of the past.

Now Mr. Adams's ideas on this subject are to me astonishing. Not only does he fail to recognize that the same standard cannot be appropriate for every purpose, but he seems to imagine that he himself applies absolute standards in his own judgments. Yet no one but a Platonist, it seems to me, could really believe in absolute standards in literature, and I feel rather confident that Mr. Adams is not a Platonist. Emerson was one — at moments — and hence has managed to give us a rather clear idea of what such an absolute standard would mean. "Santa Croce and the Dome of St. Peter's," he once wrote, "are lame copies after a divine model." Had he applied this line of thought to literature he would have said, I suppose, that the *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet* are merely lame copies of the perfect tragedy laid up in heaven, and he would have been obliged to add that the best bedroom farce written up to his time was only a lame copy of the perfect bedroom farce stored in the same celestial property room. These, it seems to me, would be really absolute standards.

Emerson, indeed, once did call for such an absolute criticism — for a comparison of the particular work of art, not with inferior art, nor even with superior art, but with supreme art — art that excels the best that has ever been produced. But I am afraid that in practice he seldom had the courage even to attempt to apply this absolute standard. For as every work he judged would have fallen short of it, then even his approval (to apply a remark Thomas Hardy once made about Leslie Stephen) would have been merely disapproval minimized. It may be added, further, that the attempt to apply such an absolute standard would call for enormous presumption on the part of the critic. He would be required to assume that he knew what "perfection," if realized, would really look like. Yet even to glimpse perfection would be half to have the power to achieve it.

Now while Mr. Adams is urging us to apply to literary criticism what he calls absolute standards, it is obvious from his article that the specific standard he is actually urging us to apply is quite relative. This standard is apparently much higher than the average level of current literary achievement, but much lower than the level achieved by Æschylus and Shakespeare. I am sorry I cannot say anything more specific about it, but that is because Mr. Adams is himself content to leave his notion of it extremely vague and undefined. And this is not because of any disingenuousness, but because he entertains the astonishing notion that "good" and "bad" are absolute terms. It should be patent enough that "good" and "bad," like "long" and "short," "heavy" and "light," "far" and "near," "early" and "late," "expensive" and "cheap," are adjectives that have only a relative application, and that they always assume some implicit comparison.

When we say that Cyrano de Bergerac had a long nose, what we mean is merely that he had a *longer* nose than the great majority of other men. But clearly what is long for a nose would be short for a face; what is heavy for a book would be light for a bomb; what is far for a walk is near for an automobile drive; what is expensive for a motor car would be cheap for a house. The meaning of all these adjectives, in brief, is relative to some average or norm, some level of expectation, and this norm changes with each object that the adjective happens to describe. A good dinner obviously implies a different level of goodness than a good symphony.

When I spoke of standards as "implied comparisons," Mr. Adams seemed to find the notion so astonishing that he italicized the phrase in quoting it. But the only thing astonishing to me is that anyone should regard a standard as anything else. The chief function of a standard, always and everywhere, is obviously to facilitate comparisons. This is plain enough when applied to the gold standard, which Mr. Adams so frequently mentions. The gold standard merely tells us how the value of a given commodity compares with the value of gold; it

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makes exact comparisons between the values of different commodities possible by reducing them to a common denominator. But the value of gold itself is no more absolute than is any other value. A price, in fact, always tells us the relation between two values — that of the commodity priced and that of the gold in which it is stated, and the value of gold may fluctuate like the value of anything else. In this sense the gold standard is doubly relative. But standards of weight and length — the pound, the yard — are also merely arbitrary units, like the amount of gold in the dollar, to express and facilitate comparisons. These standards are absolute only in the sense — if we disregard some of the subtleties of the new physics — that they are always the same; but they are still arbitrary, and they exist principally to express relations. It is significant that the concept of absoluteness finds virtually no use in modern science except to express the idea of complete nothingness, as when it speaks of an absolute vacuum, or a temperature of absolute zero.

Now Mr. Adams obviously fears that if we should get rid of absolutism in æsthetics and ethics and substitute the concept of relativity, it would mean chaos. But it would really mean nothing more than a recognition of the actual complexity of the facts. It would substitute a critical and sophisticated view for a rather naïve view. To see that standards are relative is neither to reject nor to debase them. But, Mr. Adams protests, if the critic shifts his standards in discussing different things, how can we possibly know what standards he is applying at any given time? How are we to know, he asks, what the critic's "little bit of relativity" is? "How much simpler," he remarks, "instead of having to provide us with his personal yardstick each time, to employ words in 'standard' English meanings!" But I never suggested that the critic apply a *personal* standard; I suggested merely that in each case he apply an *appropriate* one.

And how, Mr. Adams may ask again, are we to tell what standard he is applying? Well how, for that matter, do we know what Mr. Adams means when he says that we should use words in "standard" English meanings? Webster's *New International Dictionary* records that the noun "standard" itself is used in nineteen different main senses, not to speak of differences of meaning within each of these senses. Yet we do not expect a writer, every time he uses a word, to say that he is using it in precisely such-and-such a sense. The sense in which he is using it is usually perfectly clear from the context. And so is the particular standard that the critic is applying.

III

Now similar considerations hold to a large extent in the field of ethics also. There too absolutism is rapidly vanishing. Our grandfathers and their grandfathers before them believed that they had an absolute code in the Ten Commandments, but the modern mind finds it impossible to respect a moral code that makes outright stealing no worse than merely coveting, that apparently considers the act of murder no worse than the act of allowing one's maidservant to work on the Sabbath, and that — judging from the emphasis with which it is set forth, and the frightful punishments indicated for disobedience — regards the worst crime of all that of worshiping other gods (the existence of which is not denied) before the Lord God Jehovah, who by his own admission is jealous, pettish, and despicably vengeful.

And the modern mind finds it nearly as impossible to believe in the type of absolutism represented by Kant's categorical imperatives, by the vicious doctrine, for example, that it is always wrong to lie. This would not only make most politeness a crime; it would make it sinful even to give the wrong directions to a man with a revolver in his hand who wanted to murder your sister. But at least, it may be said, the modern mind believes in an absolute rule against murder. This is so, however, only because murder, by definition, usually means *unjustifiable* homicide. But no one who believes in war, even for self-defense, or in capital punishment, or that it is right for a policeman to fire at an armed bandit, believes in any absolute sense even in the Sixth Commandment.

What does the modern mind believe? It believes, I think, that in general those acts are right which tend to promote human welfare, and that those acts are wrong which tend to add to the sum of human misery. But this means that its moral standards are relative standards; they have meaning only in relation to individual or social well-being. It was easier for our forefathers, who imagined that moral rules were

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handed to us on a tablet from heaven, and that a given act was right or wrong regardless of its consequences or its effect on human happiness, to adopt absolute ethical standards. They knew what it meant to be "perfectly" moral; one merely refrained absolutely from "sin."

It is significant that nine of the ten commandments are injunctions to refrain, and that the single positive demand is that we honor our parents, something not difficult for most of us to do. But there is nothing said of amiability, urbanity, graciousness, tolerance, helpfulness, charity, industry, courage. And though it would be a mistake to say that our forefathers did not include these among the virtues, the tendency was always to subordinate such positive virtues to the negative virtues. Thus it was possible to keep alive a sort of absolutism in ethics. A woman could be absolutely "pure," that is, absolutely chaste. To be sure, she might also have been absolutely good for nothing, but that was not considered vitally important morally. If she was "pure," she might lack all the amiable and altruistic virtues and still be called a "good" woman; if she was not "pure," none of these other virtues could save her from being called a "bad" woman. But in the modern view, when a man's virtues tend to be judged from his value to the community, instead of from his refraining from certain specified acts, the concept of "absolute goodness" is no longer definable; it is always a *relative* or comparative goodness that we have to do with.

To regard "good" and "bad," then, as absolute terms, as Mr. Adams apparently does, is a relic of medieval thinking. The medieval metaphysicians looked upon "Good" and "Evil" as absolutes, inherent in Nature, and hence they puzzled their brains about the problem of Evil. That problem was, of course, partly a theological one: Why should an omnipotent and beneficent Creator have put Evil into the world? But the problem has disappeared for two reasons: first, because most intellectuals no longer believe in an omnipotent and beneficent Creator, and secondly because, even if they did, they have come to see that Good and Evil are not absolute qualities in the universe, but exist only in relation to Man. We call that Good which tends to promote *human* welfare, and that Evil which tends to thwart it. If the tapeworm disease is an evil, it is so only in the opinion of man, not in the opinion of the tapeworm.

Mr. Adams not only believes there are "absolute" values, but he believes that we know what they are by "intuition." Now "intuition" is one of the most slippery, one of the most question-begging, one of the most obscurant words in the language. "Analysis," it says, "shall not enter here." Mr. Adams is confident that it is "intuition" that enables us to see that Lincoln was a very noble man and Aaron Burr a very unworthy one. Such a comment is astonishing from a professional historian, who ought to know more than the rest of us about the vagaries of historic reputation. The "intuition" of Lincoln's greatness was denied in the millions of men who voted against him for President, to nearly everyone in the South during the Civil War, and even to a great contemporary like Emerson, who called him a "clown," and regarded Daniel Webster as a much greater man. Nor did the Greeks, certainly, when they made Socrates drink the hemlock, have any "intuition" that he was their wisest and noblest man. The Jews lacked not merely any "intuition" of the divinity, but even the human nobility, of Jesus.

No, our present judgments of the figures of the past are obviously not the result of any moral "intuition," but of historical criticism and traditional opinion. When Mr. Adams goes on to express the even more amazing notion that our *æsthetic* judgments are also given us by "intuition," one can only rub one's eyes. This is to brush aside the enormous rôle of training and education, and to state that a subway conductor's judgment of a Van Gogh is as good as Clive Bell's or Roger Fry's.

No, I am afraid that Mr. Adams, though he denies it, is a "standards (loud cheers)" man — and so, in the realm of ethical thinking, is Sir Arthur Eddington, whom he quotes in support. When they talk of absolute standards they are using the phrase primarily in an emotive and honorific sense, and not with a clear and definite reference. In philosophy, in physics, in literary and art criticism, in ethics, the spirit of absolutism is dead. There are still, of course, and there will doubtless continue to be for a while, able and distinguished men who will rise now and then to say a few reverent words in its favor. But we should remember that these are funeral orations.

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Wild Bill Murray

Presidential Possibilities — VII

***by* ARCHIBALD C. EDWARDS**

A HOT midday in early summer. Dust hangs depressingly in the wide, sunburned streets of the prairie town. A few farmers in colorless denim sit on the stoops of vacant store buildings, talking, ramming home a fresh quid of tobacco with the thumb of the knife hand, or whittling little sticks of white pine. When a car rattles up the street, their eyes blink out from under their broad hats at it with but slightly less apathy than the sleepy eyes of the teams at the hitching posts.

A strange Ford clatters down to a stop. A jolly little man at the wheel mops his brow. The tall man beside him pops a piece of cheese into his mouth, snaps his jackknife shut and shoves it into his trousers, flicks off the cracker crumbs.

"How's crops?" he shouts toward the sidewalk.

"Burnt up!" Woes are easily told.

The tall man has a group around his car in no time. Men up the street tuck away a fresh quid and pocket their knives. A group becomes a crowd, with small boys and women. The tall

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man, his coat over his arm, is standing in the car making a speech. He pulls his floppy hat over his deep eyes and points a finger to clinch a phrase. He snaps his soiled, knotted, worn-out galluses.

"Washington . . . Federal Farm Board . . . back to a constitutional government!"

His driver-companion looks up at the tall man with pride and admiration in his eyes. The crowd grins and nods, expectorates. At last the tall man pushes back his hat, mops his forehead, tugs at his long moustaches till the wrinkles of his face twitch, and sits down. He scratches his back. His friend grins, backs the car around, and they are off for the next town. The crowd cheers: "Hurray for Alfalfa Bill!"

A business man from the city smiles and shakes his head. Alfalfa Bill, Cocklebur Bill, Bolivia Bill, Wild Bill — at it again.

A few weeks later, in the same little town, groups gather from supper tables to crowd around radios in stores along the street. First, Mr. Buttram talks, while the crowd whistles, jeers, or gossips. Mr. Buttram is all the run-off voting has left between William H. Murray and the Democratic nomination for Governor of Oklahoma. Then it is Murray's turn. The crowd quits its gabbling. There is no sound save for "Rah!" when tax reform is mentioned, or "Pour it on 'im, Bill!" when Mr. Buttram, who is so unfortunate as to be rich, is lashed. Thanks to the radio, Bill did "pour it on 'im," in spite of the opposition of 80 per cent of the State's press.

Late in the fall Mr. Murray took the oath of office from his ninety-year-old father, a retired evangelist, on the steps of the Capitol and retired to the executive office for his favorite luncheon of hard-boiled eggs, half-raw onions, toast, and milk. His next engagement was to be in the inaugural square dances and old-fashioned fiddling of the coming night.

Out in Oklahoma they say he will be our next President.

A Statesman Is Born

Mr. Murray was born in northern Texas sixty-one years ago. His mother died when he was two. When he was twelve, he started for a prayer meeting and was gone ten years. During that time he chopped wood, picked cotton, did what he might to gain an honest living and a bit of schooling. By the time he was twenty-eight he had taught school five years, acquired a bachelor's degree from a country college, edited a farm paper, had been admitted to the Texas bar, had practiced law, and had even run — but unsuccessfully — for the State Senate. It is well to remember that most of his education he got by hard work on his own. The self-taught generally regard life and affairs with a fractious bias. Some notes on his life give him but twenty-two months, all told, of formal schooling, however thorough that was.

In 1898 he left Texas for the Indian Territory with, as a contemporary has it, his luggage in a bandanna handkerchief in one hand and a paper-back copy of the Constitution of the United States in the other. There he distinguished himself shortly by his success in the federal and tribal courts of the Chickasaw Nation, and by his ability to draft laws that would be approved in Washington. After a few years he married a niece of the Governor of the Chickasaw tribe, and retired to his farm to study. His subjects were constitutional law, ancient and modern governments. He was elected Chairman of the Constitution Convention of Oklahoma; placed in the chair, his jovial enemies say, because he would have been such a nuisance on the floor. Murray does not discourage the legend that he himself wrote the document, virtually single-handed. Whether it was his own brain child or not, he has adopted it.

This period was the beginning of the Murray of to-day. His sobriquet — "Alfalfa Bill," because of his vociferous advocacy of the new hay — dates from that time. He brought the national spotlight upon himself by his zealous care of the certified copy of the Constitution of Oklahoma, which he kept always in his personal possession lest some Pharoah attempt to strangle the new born State. At this time appeared all the standard phobias, catchwords, tricks, and pyrotechnic portraits of William H. Murray.

When the State's constitution had been adopted, and Indian Territory became united with Oklahoma Territory, forming the State of Oklahoma, Murray was Speaker of the House in the first legislature. At that time ladies seem first to have let their objections to his strong language seep into public print, but Wild Bill sailed ahead, nothing daunted. He was on the committee to locate county boundaries, a posi-

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tion a lover of power could love. Proud citizens who had scorned Murray now danced to his piping, lest they find their town in two different counties, or even three or four. It was a great joke.

Twice he ran for Congress. Once he was elected, and pleaded the cause of the suffering cotton grower. That makes good ammunition now. The other time, in 1916, he was defeated because he preached preparedness for our inevitable entry into the war, which was to his credit though it got no votes. Twice before 1930 he ran for Governor and was defeated. In 1919 he lost the nomination by what was thought to be a ruse. He was maliciously informed of some knavery afoot. With something to denounce, "Alfalfa Bill" becomes "Wild Bill." He took the bait. It was a false alarm. Yet, with a hint even then of his preference of cause to party, he could declaim in a voice as rich as Bryan's:

"Born in a November snowstorm; rocked in the cradle of adversity; chastened by hardship and poverty, I have never been overelated in success nor unduly depressed in defeat; therefore, *so long as the Democratic Party stands for the rights of the people*, I can support its nominees, whether or no I shall be rewarded by it." The people — the peepul — have grown on Murray. He has come to know the autocratic power they can bestow on a patient man.

The Bolivian Venture

The second time he aspired to gubernatorial office, Murray met a defeat that seemed to hurt him deeply. Retiring to his farm in the southeastern hills of Oklahoma, he wrapped himself in the title of "the Sage of Tishomingo." After much negotiation, he sold his property and set off with forty carefully chosen families to colonize a huge tract of land in Bolivia. He left the impression that he thought democracy and constitutional government were doomed. A citizen of the United States, of Texas, of the Indian Territory, and finally of the ungrateful State of Oklahoma, again he would try his luck. He would make his own, his very own, State.

With all his lore of governments, he did not reckon with the vacillations of the Bolivian, nor with cruel drought and lack of markets. The venture was a wretched fiasco. Perhaps it was poetic retribution for his own words a few years before: "Let us write it into the Constitution that no alien shall own land in Oklahoma."

The last of the colonists to give up, Murray returned to Oklahoma in 1929, just in time to file in the race for Governor. He was almost penniless, which may not be entirely coincidental with his return before an election. His home town, Tishomingo, turned out for his welcome, to a man. The political side of his Bolivian blunder he rapidly began to cover up with emphasis on the undeveloped state of our Latin American trade, as if he had merely been on a six years' trip of economic investigation. That interesting sojourn was a weak point when he ran for Governor.

He carried the election though. And scarcely had his hitch-hike, crackers-and-cheese campaign made him Governor before he was a Presidential possibility. "Murray Clubs," organized to further his favorite legislation over an obstinate Senate, simply — in his own words — "rang the fire bell." The very things, comparatively, that make him an impossibility are his strongest reasons for making the race. He can stir the people. Well he might, for sincerely he is one of them. The press makes much fun of his unmatched coat and trousers, the stained, untidy condition of his shirt, even saying he kicks off his shoes in conferences to wriggle a toe through a hole in his sock. But Murray flicks ashes from his five-cent cigar on the State's fine carpet with no concern. All these things are proper to his class. He is sincere. A picture on the front page of the paper shows him entertaining a guest in the mansion drawing-room, sitting with his hat on his head, sipping his everlasting diluted coffee. Shocked as many Americans are by this, the rural population of the United States — 40 per cent of the total — probably sees in it little that is odd. In his own words, "Now the Negroes, the Indians, and the poor white trash of Oklahoma have a Governor."

Whatever opportunity he has had of edging into the national spotlight, Murray has not neglected. On Lincoln's birthday he spoke by invitation at Springfield. On Washington's birthday he spoke in Topeka. Later on in the year he spoke in Joplin, and in May in California. During the summer he spoke several times in Texas. There he felt in his own element. At a meeting of old-timers and friends, he clapped

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for a little girl doing a clog dance and did a jig himself, finally even standing on his head for a few seconds, still puffing his five-cent cigar. President Hoover cannot do that, nor can Franklin D. Roosevelt, nor would they refer to their wives as "my squaw." But myriads of voters like it.

The speeches in the North were more dignified. The people came for such an exhibition on Labor Day in Chicago, but left, many of them, deeply impressed. Later in September Murray went speaking for a week through Kansas and Iowa, pronounced agrarian states which hate the Farm Board. Governor Bryan significantly invited him to Nebraska.

"Honesty, Efficiency, and Economy" is his cry, and he is drawing followers. "Bread and butter, bacon and beans" among the people, the common people, town or country, is a phrase with meaning. The tenor of all Murray's speeches has been economic. Save for his scrupulousness in ignoring them, world politics seem not to enter his mind. He is absorbed in the present crisis at home and his attitude is one of expediency. On taxation, when he accepted the chair of the Constitutional Convention, he said: "I submit to you that surplus wealth of this country should pay for its surplus protection." That is still his thesis. In his campaign paper, *The Blue Valley Farmer*, it is put thus: "And the mansions of the rich shall burn in the same fire that consumes the hovel of the poor." "If I was President, I would want to control the Interior Department, the Federal Banking Board, and the Foreign Loans!" That is the essence of his platform. Really, it is just a tirade at the depression administration.

In his first message to the Legislature, though demanding economies, he asked an appropriation for a legislators' dormitory to keep lobbyists from bribing the lawmakers with liquor and low women. Then he began "investigations" of all the State schools, being particularly hard on those with which his opponent, Mr. Buttram, a regent of the State University, had had any connection. Fundamentally sound as he so often is, Murray lost all sense of proportion. The schools were hotbeds of cheap politicians, and politicians are hateful in his eyes. There was too much "football, baseball, and highballs." "Why $150,000 for a swimming pool? Let them go to the creek!" The alumni of the schools concerned defended them well. All charges were disproved. The Governor made himself ludicrous. The whole furor gradually subsided, leaving the Governor's nephew the new head of a state school of agriculture at the Governor's home, Tishomingo.

Next came a sensational squabble over the Governor's appointee as superintendent of the State School for the feeble-minded. The Commissioner of Charities had found evidence of cruelty to the inmates, gross incompetence, as well as immorality of one sort and another. The Commissioner was a woman. She and the Governor handled the affair quite in the manner of the old-fashioned movie serial thriller. The Governor in defense pointed to statistics showing substantial savings in operation of the institution under his appointee, and the appointment of a group of clergymen to visit all State institutions of a comparable nature. They were naïvely instructed not to find fault, but to see what good they could discover. A reporter was forcibly ejected by the Governor in person for merely inquiring into the progress of the investigation.

The Toll Bridge Fracas

Meanwhile the Governor began to have trouble with the municipal government of Oklahoma City, his Capital. It was over the arrest of vagrants, whom the Governor ordered released from jail under the principal of *habeas corpus*. Before this, in turn, died its natural death it seemed as if shots might be exchanged between the city police and the Governor's special agents. The reasons for such unwarranted interference with municipal affairs are obscure, but were probably tied up with his obsession with the Constitution, which broke out in another form.

The hospital of the State University is in Oklahoma City. It is controlled by the faculty of the state medical school. The patient of a chiropractor was taken there. The Governor ordered that the chiropractor be allowed to attend the patient, in spite of protest by the medical profession, which feared the school's loss of standing. The hospital was the people's. The Governor was obdurate. The Dean of the school resigned. The patient died. And Murray's personally owned campaign paper acquired ten new advertisements of chiropractors.

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Murray's real bid for personal advertisement was yet to come, however. The State of Texas had agreed to a jointly owned bridge over the Red River, with Oklahoma. After the contract had been made, Texas became aware of certain contracts with owners of adjacent toll bridges. Being unable to open the free bridge without indemnifying the toll bridge company, and being unable to force Oklahoma to help pay for her oversight, Texas blockaded her end of the bridge. On the clever theory that Oklahoma owned *half* of the bridge *all the way across* Murray had highway patrolmen destroy the blockade. The Governor of Texas had state police — Rangers, they are called — rebuild the blockade. Governor Murray told his men: "Don't hurt 'em, just take their knives and tobacco away," and to tear down the blockade again.

Texas then secured a Federal Court's injunction — a thing Governor Murray abominates above a public utility corporation. The Governor declared the toll bridgehead under martial law. As executive head of a sovereign state, for the first time in Oklahoma's history her Governor took personal command of the National Guard. Making the State highway engineer a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, the Governor curled up in the back seat of the car, pulled off his shoes, and slept soundly on his ancient revolver while the pair headed for the battle front.

It was all very amusing. The Governor swapped yarns in camp. The people of Texas were won to him for getting the free bridge opened, and the press was full of free publicity. But the State, in these hard times, had to pay hundreds of dollars a day to support the troops. It would have been better and cheaper to let the matter be settled in the courts in the first place. But Governor Murray bitterly dislikes the Attorney General.

For political reasons, as well as because of his personal convictions, Murray is ever ready to appear a defender of the people against corporations. In an attempt to lower the price of ice, he had it sold at cost from the State Penitentiary's plant. The same with bread. Then he started on gas; one company he even declared forfeit for evasion of taxes. The price of gas did come down, but he was a phenomenon rather than an agent. All these tempests had their hour on the front page, and died.

But Governor Murray was not yet satisfied. He declared all flush oil fields in the State under martial law. He took a voluntary shutdown out of the hands of the protesting independent producers to bring back dollar-a-barrel prices in his own way. The constitutional motive alleged was to save the State schools loss. Low prices for crude oil had cut the gross production tax to nothing. While Oklahoma flush fields were shut down and the men who would have operated them idle, East Texas fields for a large part of the time were open and getting higher prices because of the Oklahoma shutdown. Again government had forced its way into private business and a precedent had been set that no one finds commensurate with the trifling good accomplished.

A relative of Governor Murray, known to the press as "Cousin Cicero," was made a Colonel in the National Guard especially to supervise the oil situation. Of all his ill-advised acts, the oil field shutdown probably will hit Murray the hardest in the long run. The burden of it falls on "the little fellows," whom he was to help — the small independent operators with limited banking resources. His popularity might wane were he to be thought an innocent puppet of the mammoth corporations in their attempts to wipe out the little fellows.

From the start of his term in office, Murray has played havoc with the Highway Department. He has used all his means to force out the one Republican commissioner, a retired oil millionaire who has done more for the State's highway system than any other one man in the State's history. In this seemingly personal attack, efficient engineers have been discharged, half-complete building projects abandoned, everything done to discredit the Republican member. It happens that the present Chairman of the Highway Commission was campaign manager for Murray. His insistence on purchasing cement in Oklahoma at a higher price than it could be bought elsewhere is not too tactful, considering that big paving interests were supposed to have financed Murray's campaign.

Murray's finances are still a question in the public mind. He is a poor man, yet he publishes a personal campaign paper that in itself must cost more than the sum of the nominal amounts that humble friends send in to support the

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campaign. In clubs and on the street, several interests are rumored as backing Murray. Certainly he is spending a deal of money traveling about the country, and certainly he has appointees who do not appear motivated solely by altruism, but of his own integrity there is little doubt. He is fascinated by power. His conceit is boundless, but none of his enemies has ever called him a grafter, however flagrant and mad an egoist they may think him. In his own paper, in June, 1930, Murray spoke to the point thus: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true to my own mind and conscience. I will not play the demagogue or bow to political machines or corporations' dictation. For no office would I club my own brain, stab my own conscience, or write across my own brow 'idiot'."

Almost the only unequivocally good thing Murray has done as Governor is already to have reimbursed the State for free seed and drought relief the past year by a one-cent additional tax on gasoline. But it is not so much what Murray does that brings him into the limelight as his manner. He is a born sensationalist. He cannot criticize the Farm Board without accusing it of being in league with millers and grain brokers. Seventy girls in a State school get a touch of ptomaine. It is a poison plot! He has been a student of fundamentals all his life, but has learned mere cleverness. He is merely expedient when he would be wise. Walking the floor all night long, composing his shutdown order, he thinks of the number of "whereases" required to make it constitutional rather than of its ultimate effect, and the "peepul" cheer.

Mark Sullivan, a conservative prognosticator, wrote last September: "It may come under the classification of 'Believe It or Not,' but the perfectly serious fact is that Governor William H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray of Oklahoma is expected by Democratic leaders and other competent judges to have an important part in the Democratic Presidential race next year. . . . Hardly any competent person will say that Governor Murray has a chance to get the Democratic Presidential nomination. Persons entirely competent, however, believe he will come to the convention with a surprisingly large number of delegates, that his personality and speeches will be in tune with the times, and that he will be one of the most potent figures in the convention."

The country's great need is a leader, said Murray last spring in Texas. (His description of the ideal leader may be taken as autobiography.) This spring the nation will have a chance to see whether Murray himself be that Moses, or but another bellwether.

Prairie Women

Stolid the prairie women are,
With rugged hands and backs that bow
In unremitting servitude
Above the churn and plow.

Men ever turn to lighter loves,
With slender breasts and unbound hair,
And ever follow where the winds
Are gentler and more fair.

While prairie women home at night,
Weary of treading fields forlorn,
Stare in their mirrors long, and hate
The tyranny of corn.

—Helene Magaret

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Youth and Prohibition

by **SALLY MARTYN**

We of the younger generation have been cussed and discussed so much that by now we should have ceased to heed the disturbed cluckings of our elders. We ought to be hardened to such blasts as L. M. Graves's "The New Elizabethans" (The Forum, December, 1931); and, to a certain degree, we are. But occasionally something gets under our skin and we fight back. Something got under my skin all right when I read, in The Forum for November, 1930, a piece by one Arthur Briggs called "The Wets Give Me a Pain in the Neck." I first saw the article a year ago — and saw red, too. Since then I've come across so many like it, and have disagreed with them all so violently, that I have taken to jibbering to myself. Mr. Graves's paper I could at least understand, even if I couldn't sympathize with his sweeping condemnation of people my age: at any rate he knows his facts. But this man Briggs and others like him who try to show, with imposing but irrelevant statistics, that prohibition is doing wonders for us all!

I'm going to start right in on Mr. Briggs and analyze a few of his statements in the light of my own experience. As the primary exhibit, take his pooh-poohing of the familiar argument: "But see what prohibition is doing to youth and to women!" Mr. Briggs doesn't believe it's doing anything, except to make them better. "Students who take a shot once a month when they can get it count themselves as drinkers," says he, joining other old fogies in trying to blindfold shut-ins by inferring that the younger generation gets sky-high on the smell of a cork. Now, not being in school at the present moment, I can't vouch for that "students" business; but as to the part about "when they can get it" — listen!

I've been going with college boys and to college dances for a long time, and I've seen liquor run like water. If these youngsters get only cork-drunk, then it's darn funny why they become so deathly sick that they lose their week's meals and have to be stretched out in the most convenient place with hot coffee in their stomachs and ice on their heads until they are sober enough to go home, pale-faced but steady on their feet, without mother knowing they have been tight. It isn't only boys either; it's girls as well. How do I know? Because I've not only helped to sober up so many that I've lost count, but I have been on the other end of the racket more than once myself.

As I say, I can't remember the number of times I have played the ministering angel to these sick young girls, so unfortunately I am unable to present a neat row of statistics in the Briggs manner to prove my point. Drinking is so common in the younger set that citing figures about it would be ridiculous. But I can ask questions for the statisticians to answer. For instance, when in all our history have there been so many youthful suicides? When have there been so many criminals among minors? And I can offer some figures myself (and apparently in this sort of article you have to) concerning an offshoot of prohibition. I'm not sure of their exact accuracy, but they are approximate enough to be accepted. The fact is this: During a recent physical examination in the grammar and junior high schools of my town, *27 per cent of the boys and girls were found to have venereal disease.*

Now who is to blame for that? The mothers for sending their children to school? The schools for throwing boys and girls together? The boys and girls for their insatiable desire to find out what sex means? Well, you can name anything you like, but I know how most of it started. They are young, vigorous, lovely — they dance together to wild, barbaric music — they go out for a smoke in a car — somebody brings out a flask (don't raise your eyebrows: there is always one around) — they take several drinks — couples drift off from the crowd — and then comes the dawn.

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As an example, I will tell you a personal experience. I had taken a week-end trip to a smaller town, and there was invited to a party given in a rather luxurious home in an up-to-date suburb. The guests proved to be of a mixed assortment, youth being about their only point in common. There were girls in school and out, young bank clerks and big business men, married men and single men. There were rich girls and girls of what I suppose might be called "the lower classes." (Mr. Briggs wrote: "A great many women of the upper classes who didn't drink before prohibition drink now, but the Salvation Army can tell you that the women of the masses aren't drinking as they did." Yes? Well, here they were gathered together in a representative group, and let me say that the "masses" drank just as much as the "classes" — whatever those titles may mean.)

It wasn't long before everybody was good and tight. Couples began strolling off — or swaying off, I should say — in all directions: some out into the moonlight, some into cars, and others upstairs into the bedrooms. They were gone a long, long time, and meanwhile the rest continued to drink. One girl became a bit rowdy. She was promptly given a cold bath, both boys and girls assisting, and then, as soon as her attendants had turned their backs, she dashed downstairs — nude, except for a sheet hanging from one shoulder. When she was discovered she was in the kitchen with a number of boys and girls standing around her, all casually drinking coffee and eating sandwiches.

As the evening wore on I suggested that we go home. A great to-do was set up against my "breaking up the party." How, I asked in positive amazement, was I breaking up the party? After all, the hour was late. Well — it seems that everyone wanted to spend the night there. Each boy with his girl.

That was some years ago, and it was my initiation into a world that left me shocked. But since then I have found my sea-legs, and no matter how much anyone rocks the boat I can manage my end of it satisfactorily. And the thing I want to stress is that this party wasn't anything unusual. No matter what the fogies say, no matter how they argue and rant that this sort of thing is done only in the movies — I say it isn't. It's true. I know, because I've seen it scores of times.

I could go on for hours with these examples. I could tell you what an everyday occurence it is for a girl to practice birth control, through the channels of some unscrupulous physician. I could make your hair stand on end at the things your daughters are doing. Not all of them — there are exceptions to prove every rule — but I am speaking of the majority, and of what you call "nice" girls.

Men aren't as quick to ask girls to marry them as they used to be, and when they do they have usually had relations with them already. Feminine chastity doesn't mean anything to the average boy of to-day. He spends several days with his girl, somewhere, to find out if they bore each other. He wants to know how she looks without powder and paint, how her sense of humor will hold up, what is her attitude toward sex, whether familiarity will breed contempt. Afterward he may ask her to marry him — or he may not.

In a certain college town there is a nearby beach with a few straggling cottages. Parties go out to spend the night or the week-end without a chaperon (who is, after all, a museum specimen nowadays). The girls are mostly all college girls, the boys come from "the best families." When a boy asks a girl for a date to go to that beach, and the girl accepts, there is no discussion as to whether there will be a chaperon, or what cottage the girl will occupy: it is understood that the girl spends the night with her date. It is a very calm, unconcerned procedure. They don't see anything wrong in it. It is their standard of conduct.

There is liquor, naturally, on these parties — and where does it come from? Mr. Briggs thinks it's hard to get. He sneers at the estimated "32,000 speakeasies" in New York and says that there may be that many places "where liquor can occasionally be obtained." Maybe he knows his New York, but I doubt it. Anyway, here in my town I can go to the phone any day and order as much liquor as I want and have it delivered right to my front door. There is no question of "occasionally" getting it; it's always there, and all you have to do is ask and pay for it.

It's asked for, all right; and delivered. Mr. Briggs says that he doesn't see one drunk now where he used to see five. Come down here, Mr. Briggs. I can show them to you all over town — on the streets, in theaters, in hotels,

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restaurants, dance halls. Every speakeasy is crowded, every bootlegger busy, every drug store selling ginger ale by the armful. I see from five to fifty drunks every night where — before the results of prohibition got to be an old story and became boring — one would have scared me to death, and if a boy I knew had even the smell of liquor on his breath I would never have spoken to him again.

I think it's about time someone shook the old fogies out of their stupor and snatched the self-imposed blindfolds from their eyes. Why, there isn't any kind of party nowadays that doesn't have its liquor. If there is nothing to drink, everyone begins looking bored about ten o'clock and finally drifts off to someone's house where there *is* liquor. (I'm talking about young people; things may be different with the middle-aged or the elderly, but that doesn't help *us*.) When your friends drop in on an off night or a dull Sunday afternoon and you can offer them highballs or cocktails you needn't be afraid of being neglected. But just try being out of liquor for a month or so and see how many callers you have.

The majority of the drunks I see are "nice people" — and by that I mean not only socially respectable but presumably decent and certainly of at least average intelligence. The very fact that the "lower classes" (to use Mr. Brigg's phraseology) can't afford liquor now makes it just that much more desirable to the middle and upper classes. When the poor were wallowing in drink, the white-collar group considered it bad form and consequently didn't do it. But now that the poor are reduced to Sterno and grain alcohol, the middle and upper strata believe that drinking is a badge of exclusiveness and have taken it up feverishly. You are positively considered a freak if you don't drink. As Anna Steese Richardson said in her article, "Grand-mother Goes Wet" (THE FORUM, June 1931), "Drinking in a saloon in the old days was disgraceful. It might result in being cut by nice people, left out of nice social affairs. Drinking to-day in a speakeasy is the fashionable thing to do."

Now what I want to know is why these people should be sacrificed in order to save a lot of bums who, drunk or sober, are dependent on the Salvation Army. Why put us in chains, cramp our freedom, dictate our tastes, and by saying "Thou shalt not!" drive us to break the law to prove our defiance? These boys and girls aren't the dregs of America, though they will be if they keep up their present pace; they represent good names, good families, come from good backgrounds. Yet they are being put on the block just to prove a theory. And they regret it as much as anyone.

Yes, they regret it. We of the younger generation don't want this sort of life. Inside ourselves we despise it. But we have been raised like little lambs to follow in the wake of the fold. The situation is making us morbid. We rowdy at night with the crowd, and then lapse into melancholia the next morning, loathing the life we are leading, then go out that night and do the same thing over again. The sameness of anything is infinitely tiring. But we are young and full of life. We want to be popular, to be good fellows, and the only way we can do it is to keep on the merry-go-round.

I am willing to wager that the majority of young people would be delighted if they could be removed from this frantic struggle for excitement. Some of us of course get used to it in time. We have been poured into a mold and come out so many little clay pots, all alike. But the mold doesn't fit us all — I don't think it fits even the majority. We know that something is wrong, and we want it put right.

It is an unpleasant world that we of the younger generation find ourselves in to-day. We follow the leader, convention, and we hate it. We would like a cleaner, decenter world; we struggle to be different. But if we are different, we are dropped from the run of things. And it takes a strong constitution, when you are young and full of life, to endure being called a prude and a bluenose. We are bewildered. The treadmill on which we pant is a vicious circle — and so far no one except the runners seem to realize it. Instead, we have the Briggses telling us that everything is all right, that we are merely a little hysterical or "unstable." They are right. We are a little hysterical — and no wonder!

Our elders, the ones who should be helping us, spend their time conversing over round tables, condemning us or defending us — it doesn't much matter which. Meanwhile we are waiting to be rescued. We have waited a long time now, and we are getting tired of it. Perhaps soon we shan't want to be rescued — and that will be the saddest story of all.

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DOWNTOWN

A Challenge To New Leadership

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

THIS DEPRESSION has unquestionably provided a powerful impetus to the theory of a managed economy, toward which we have been drifting for decades. If the industrial revolution was the outstanding economic event of the nineteenth century, it would seem reasonable to conclude from a superficial observation of current trends that the twentieth century will go down as the era of bureaucratic control of business and financial activity. The trend toward the managed standard of economy is not new. Guilds were organized in medieval Europe to enable craftsmen to obtain advantages by coöperation which would have been denied the individual going his way independently. The protective tariff can be traced back for centuries, and its practical advantages are best illustrated in the development of our textile and shoe industries over the past hundred years. The free silver movement of the nineties, failure though it was, at least marked the beginning of a struggle to control the general price level, and the Interstate Commerce Act of 1886 launched an important movement in the direction of a curb on monopolies and monopolistic practices. We were given to understand when the Federal Reserve Act was passed that financial panics would never occur again, and the idea began to germinate that here at last was an organization that could effectively stabilize the general level of commodity prices. Since the war the movement toward managed economy has accelerated to an enormous degree, and it is a dull week that does not contribute something toward Federal control of one activity or another, for which at present private initiative is lacking. The Federal Farm Board, organized to stabilize the prices of agricultural products, the great credit pool to thaw out the frozen assets of banks, the effort to promote home building, public works programs to relieve unemployment, immigration policies, Muscle Shoals, and prohibition are all symptomatic of the trend.

REVISING CREDIT POLICIES

WITH ALL this in the background, the economists of to-day may be pardoned for toying with the idea that through such effective control of credit it may be possible in the future to avoid such devastating depressions as that in which we are now mired. J. M. Keynes in England and Professor Irving Fisher in this country have been outspoken in their

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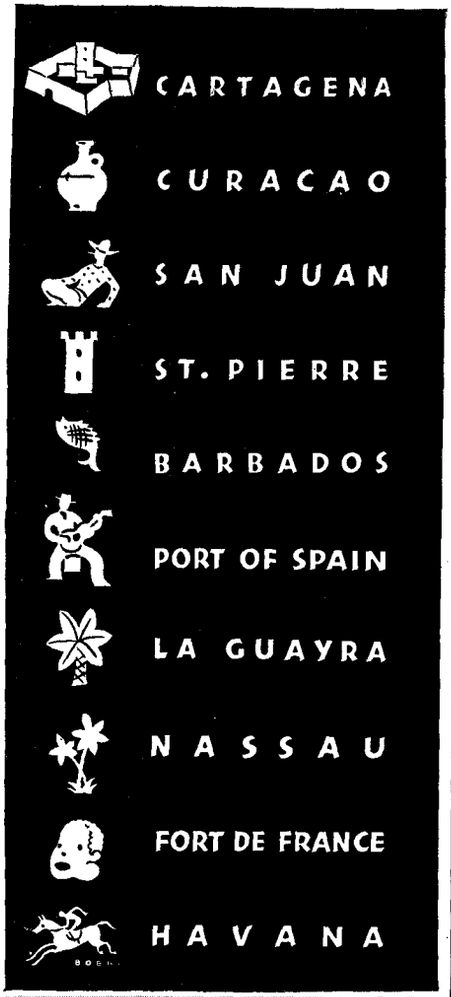

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CUNARD

Downtown

defense of this theory for years. In substance, the Keynes school maintains that the credit policy of central banks should be devised with a view to the artificial stabilization of commodity prices.

Perhaps the clearest exposition of the practical application of this theory is that recently written by Dr. Willford I. King, professor of economics in New York University. Dr. King proceeds on the assumption that the money work of the United States is done by some twenty-one billion of bank deposits, that the price level has depreciated by 25 per cent in the past two years, and, relying upon the quantity theory of money, he assumes that an increase of 25 per cent in the amount of money in circulation would correct the abnormality of the present price level. If the Federal Reserve Banks were to buy $5,000,000,000 of government bonds, he argues, bonds would rise in price; sellers would find themselves with equivalent cash; some would invest in securities; some in grain; some in land; and in whatever they invested their money the demand would cause the price to rise.

Much the same theory has been laid down by Lionel D. Edie in his recent book, *The Banks and Prosperity*. Eddie's theory is that the normal growth in productive activity in this country should be balanced by a corresponding artificial expansion in outstanding credit. He believes that the gold standard as it has existed is passing and he makes the rather radical suggestion that the maximum ration of gold to reserves should be 40 per cent, instead of making that the minimum ratio as we understand it to-day. The effect, of course, would be inflationary. Yet from one source or another we note a growing receptiveness to the idea that inflation is not necessarily the menace which it has been traditionally regarded in conservative circles. Economists appear to be groping vaguely in search of some practical scheme which will provide the exact amount of inflation necessary in order to permit business to function properly without overexpansion.

Against this new theory are lined up the conservatives of the old school, staunch defenders of the traditional gold standard. Many there are, like banker Albert H. Wiggin, who maintain that there is little we can do about the economic cycle. B. M. Anderson Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank of New York, has only recently issued an interesting defense of the gold standard. He views England's collapse of the gold standard (an apparent venture in the direction of managed economy) as absolutely unnecessary, holding that the cheap money policy pursued by the Bank of England not only failed to help business, but promoted a drain on Britain's gold which she could not withstand. Pointing

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to the experience of America, Switzerland, Sweden, and The Netherlands, who remained on a gold standard during the war, he declares that none of these countries regretted doing so, and none suffered such a loss in trade as did those countries which went off gold and then struggled to return to it.

But the man in the street asks: How sound is our economic life? Seven million men are out of work in this country. Billions of funds invested in high grade bonds and stocks in 1929 have shrunk to a small decimal fraction, and a large portion of them is totally unproductive. Real estate values have crumbled. Debts incurred a few years ago are enormously difficult to settle, with wage reductions, dividend cuts, and the general loss in purchasing power that has materialized. Great nations incurred enormous debts to the United States when they bought our wheat at $3 a bushel and our copper at 20 cents a pound during the war. The settlement of those debts when wheat is at 50 cents and copper at 6½ cents has involved the imposition of a crushing burden of taxation upon the civilized world. What can be done to bring order out of this chaos?

MANAGED ECONOMY

A PLAN FOR inflation at our present deflated level would require intelligent regulation by leaders with the moral courage to curb the movement when prosperity reached the limit of safety. Nobody yet has ever shown the requisite qualities to assume such responsibility.

The adoption of such a plan would be the most drastic step ever taken in the direction of bureaucratic control of economic and social life. But whether or not we take definite action toward a managed economy, there is some consolation to be derived from the financial history of the United States which shows that inevitable recovery, and usually prosperity, follow depression. Sometimes the elimination of a simple and visible cause is sufficient. The embargo depression of 1808 disappeared with the removal of the embargo, and the silver campaign depression of 1896 was lifted with the defeat of Bryan. Some depressions have brought constructive reforms. The 1907 depression gave birth to the Federal Reserve System, without which our economic system would have collapsed under the strain of World War financial expansion. The 1921 depression taught business men the wisdom of regulating inventories and going easy on banking credit. The outstanding obstacles to recovery from the current depression are to be found largely abroad, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that an attempt to deal intelligently with the German reparations and the international war debts is now being carried on.

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Beer and the Treasury Deficit

To the Editor:

Charles Melish, in his article, "Bunk About Beer" (December FORUM), shows a genuine impatience with those who rant about the economic importance of beer. He finds much bunk in the too prevalent notion that prohibition repeal would solve both the farmers' dilemma and the unemployment evil. And we must admit that on both points he makes a strong case.

But when he attempts to minimize the effect of repeal upon our federal budget — then, I think, he creates more bunk than he uncovers. Against a treasury deficit of $1,500,000,000 he weighs the paltry sum of $126,000,000 representing the "maximum tax collected in any one year (1910–1919) from the sale of fermented liquors." And since that scarcely begins to tip the balance, Mr. Melish declares in triumph that to drown our deficit in drink would require a perpetual bender and cause a nation-wide hangover.

Now that logic sounds convincing — but let's examine it further. As a matter of fact, in 1919 the Federal Government collected $484,000,000 in liquor taxes, which amounted to 10 per cent of the total revenue of that year. That, of course, was after the tax had been increased to help finance the crusade against Teutonic autocracy. But if we go back to 1915, when there was no war tax, we find that federal collections of liquor taxes accounted for 32 per cent of our federal revenues. In 1914 we managed to brew 66,000,000 barrels of beer. If we assume that we are capable of putting away that many now, then a tax of $5 per barrel should bring $330,000,000 to Andy Mellon's vaults. And if that tax seems too high, remember that it was $6 during the war.

Repeal would not only bring in a substantial revenue, but would likewise eliminate some not too insignificant expenses now to be found on our books. Last year the prohibition bureau blew in some $11,000,000 in its attempts at enforcement, and it can be expected to spend as much this year. If we lump the expenses accruing to our federal courts, prisons, Coast Guard, and the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol, the cost of enforcement as practiced is almost $45,000,000.

Also, I hold it true that to divert to the public treasury the enormous sums which bootleggers now get would go a long way toward balancing Andy's books. Racketeers and gangsters now garner millions from an illicit trade, and money flows incessantly into dives and speakeasies. Everyone gets his cut — everyone but Uncle Sam, who is shocked at entering the liquor business but who has the very devil's time collecting income taxes from the Capones.

And so, Mr. Melish, let's face facts. Let's grant that repeal will neither lift the mortgage from the farm nor raise the price of wheat. Let's grant that it will neither put miners to work in Harlan County nor shorten New York City bread lines. But let's also realize that a federal tax on lawful liquor is better than illicit profits from an illegal trade; that if it was good sense and sound economics to collect a half billion in liquor taxes to help wipe out the Hun, it should be equally good sense and sound economics to collect more now to help wipe out the treasury deficit. And, you know, it can be done. As you say, it will not help to make unsupportable assertions about the effect of repeal upon the economic recovery of our country. But, please, let's be sure they *are* unsupportable before we attempt to discredit them.

And now that I've got that off my chest, here's looking at you, Mr. Melish!

NORMAN FOURNIER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's monthly prize of twenty dollars for the best Rostrum letter has been awarded to Mr. Fournier.*]

"Nine Prisoners"

Seldom has any FORUM *story excited as much controversy among our readers as William March's "Nine Prisoners," which appeared in the December issue. Following his narration of the wholesale and deliberate shooting of twenty-two unarmed and defenseless German prisoners at the command of the company captain, and the consequent emotional effects on the men who executed the order, Mr. March has received abuse for having "murdered the good name and good sense of millions of American soldiers," and praise for having written "the mightiest of mighty expositions of the inhumanity of war."*

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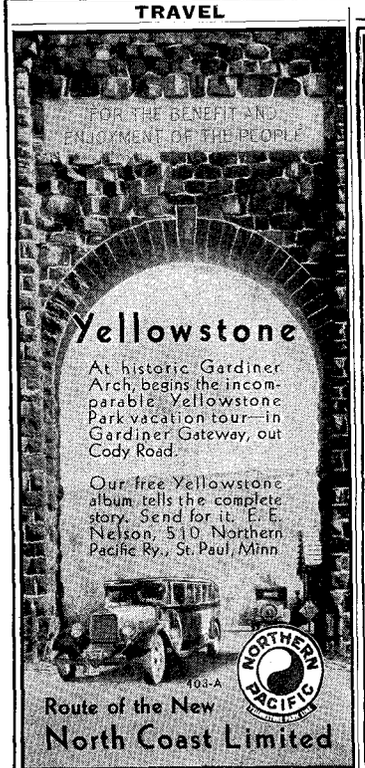
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Travel in Soviet RUSSIA

Our Rostrum

Below are reprinted excerpts from a few of the letters received, and also a statement by Mr. March himself.

To the Editor:

I wish to protest against William March's story, "Nine Prisoners." I served in five battles as Chaplain of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, First Division, and I never saw or heard of German prisoners being shot down in cold blood after being disarmed. I never heard of an officer ordering such slaughter. Mr. March may have been relating truthfully what he experienced, but I believe not one veteran in ten thousand among those who saw hard fighting ever had a similar experience.

Mr. March's tale may be good literature. I maintain it is utterly misleading if it causes people to think its action at all typical of the experiences of 99 per cent of the veterans who saw fighting. War is hell enough without what amounts to slander of the brave and, on the whole, chivalrous men who fought.

ROBERTS WILLIAMS
Bordentown, N. J.

To the Editor:

After reading "Nine Prisoners" I am in doubt whether the author is a propagandist for peace, the recorder of an actual incident in the Great War, or simply a writer of fiction. He either deliberately or inadvertently leaves the impression that such incidents as he describes were common practice in the Marine Corps or at least in the A.E.F. I neither saw nor heard of anything of the kind. We even went hungry while the prisoners were fed.

J. P. HERVEY
Brig. General., U. S. Army, Retired
Sewanee, Tenn.

To the Editor:

It is easily seen that William March is one of those peace-at-any-price people who, having either never been a soldier at all or having been stationed at some camp during the war, believes himself an expert on the horrors of fighting. That such a person should be accepted as a qualified observer of war is ridiculous, and that his story should be paid for and printed by any editor is to me incomprehensible.

JAMES A. PLANE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Author Answers

To the Editor:

My story, "Nine Prisoners," is, so far as I am aware, strictly fiction. I had hoped to make the men and their reactions universal in their implications, beyond military boundary lines, and there is, I think, nothing in the story to indicate that its characters are drawn from the Marines or the American Army at all.

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Our Rostrum

I resent bitterly any inference that because I have written such a story I lack either patriotism or physical courage. To those who do imply such things, let me say that I enlisted, voluntarily, when war was declared; that I participated in all action that my regiment saw; that I was discharged honorably with the highest possible rating for a Marine — a perfect 5, given, I understand, rarely. I was awarded for personal bravery under fire every decoration except the Congressional Medal of Honor, and as a result of the wounds I received in action, I shall never be entirely well again so long as I live. I dislike mentioning these things: I do it now merely to defend myself.

My present attitude toward war is this. If there were a war impending, my conscience and my special knowledge would impel me to do what I could to prevent it. Failing that, I would make the best of a bad situation and reënlist immediately in any combat unit which would accept in its ranks such a battered, half-blinded old hulk.

I am unaware, except in a general way, of the temper of the letters you have received regarding the story, or the reaction of your readers, but from the tone of those that have been addressed to me personally, I have learned one thing: it is futile and it is hopeless for any man who has actually served on the line to attempt to make well-meaning, romantic folk share his knowledge; there is, simply, no common denominator.

WILLIAM MARCH

New York, N. Y.

The Doctor's Secrets

To the Editor:

Dr. James Hitchcock's article, "Common Sense *vs.* the Common Cold" (December FORUM), contains an appreciable amount of uncommon sense not unmixed with unnecessary admonitions and just plain foolishness. We are informed that "statistics are not needed to show that if each individual would isolate himself when infected with the common cold, he would greatly benefit himself and his fellow man. . . ." And, "Stay in your own room and keep others out. . . ."

Very good, Doctor, as far as it goes, but you might tell us how 99 per cent of our people are going to "isolate" themselves and stay in their own rooms and, withal, keep the wolf from the door. Unfortunately, our present-day social and economic conditions are such that it is seldom practical, practicable, or possible to "shun a person harboring a cold." Likewise, the profound wisdom in, "The best thing to do about a cold is to avoid it," is tantamount to saying that the best way to get to heaven is to keep out of hell.

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To the Editor:

The comment of "Anonymous" in the November FORUM on Dr. W. Béran Wolfe's article, "Romantic Infantilism," which appeared in your September issue, reveals a common trait of humanity, namely, the belief that if certain facts had been in one's possession at a critical moment, one's life would have been different. "Anonymous" feels that if the information contained in Dr. Wolfe's paper had been at hand in 1921, her choice of a mate would have been a better one. She takes no account of the fact that there is a difference between the receptivity of her mind now, after ten years' experience, and what it was in 1921.

As an example of the futility of trying to "educate" (the faith psychoanalysts have in their ability to "educate" human beings out of this, that, or the other "false" point of view is sublime!) young people out of romantic love, I cite the case of my seventeen-year-old daughter. If ever a girl had hammered into her from infancy the truths contained in Dr. Wolfe's article (assuming that they *are* "truths"), she did, and yet at sixteen she eloped with a man who, according to our social standards, is as far from being a satisfactory husband as one could well imagine. However, my own view being that that individual is most successful who has throughout his life the greatest number of satisfying experiences, I do not feel, as others do, that she has thrown away her life.

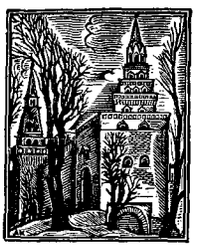
At any rate she certainly was "educated" away from the romantic notions to which Dr. Wolfe objects. Her chief interests were books and music. At fourteen she read Spencer's *First Principles*, at fifteen she was reading Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. She read realistic fiction rather than romantic. She read the psychoanalysts — Freud, Jung, Adler. She had had nine years' training in music and was preparing for the concert stage, and then — she "fell in love"! And against *that*, even the gods battle in vain.

"Anonymous" may take consolation in the thought that if "love" doesn't survive "irreconcilable differences of temperament, social background, ideas of the relationship between man and woman," neither does it survive a hundred other conditions: for example, time, monotony, satiety. One's best bet is to let oneself be drawn by the "illogical thing" and flee as from a pestilence from the virtuous ones who "leave us cold." Better a hundred evanescent blazes than a lifetime of "security," sitting by a stove that has no fire in it. Let the psychologists choose a mate according to reason; but let human beings marry for love!

SELMA WALDEN

Manitowoc, Wis.

Soviet Russia EQUALS Europe



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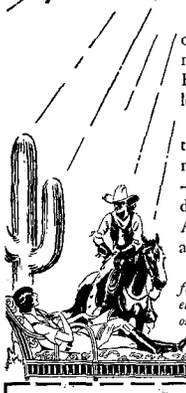

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